VOL. CCXXXII, No. 3016
TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
*With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"*
JANUARY 18, 1958

# The SPHERE

*with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC*

— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

**Fortnum & Mason**

F M

for the **fundamentals**

and the **frills**

*Your closest friend is*

**PESCO**

*underwear*

*in all weathers*

made by PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. Hawick, Scotland.
*London Showrooms:* Ulster Chambers, 168 Regent St. W.1.

℗40

**Avoid colds-breathe**

**VAPEX** TRADE MARK

**inhalant**

From your chemist

A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night will give you 24 hour protection. The value of VAPEX has been proved in every epidemic during the last thirty years.

***From your Chemist 3/-***

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS • CEREBOS LTD

*Cerebos*

*Salt of quality*

**Drambuie**

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H M THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF 'RED HACKLE' SCOTCH WHISKY
PROPRIETORS HEPBURN & ROSS LTD. GLASGOW

*Red Hackle*

de luxe SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS Hepburn & Ross LTD GLASGOW

TRADE MARK

BEER AT ITS BEST

**TENNENT'S LAGER**

ENJOYED THE WORLD O'ER

J. & R. TENNENT LTD • WELLPARK BREWERY • GLASGOW

**PARIPAN LTD**

BRITISH MADE

*PARIPAN Dryfast ENAMEL* — *PAREMUL Emulsion PAINT* — *PARIMAT Steamproof FINISH*

1 SHERWOOD STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

**MORNY**

*of Regent Street · London*

FINE SOAPS · MATCHING BATH LUXURIES · PERFUMES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL** INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

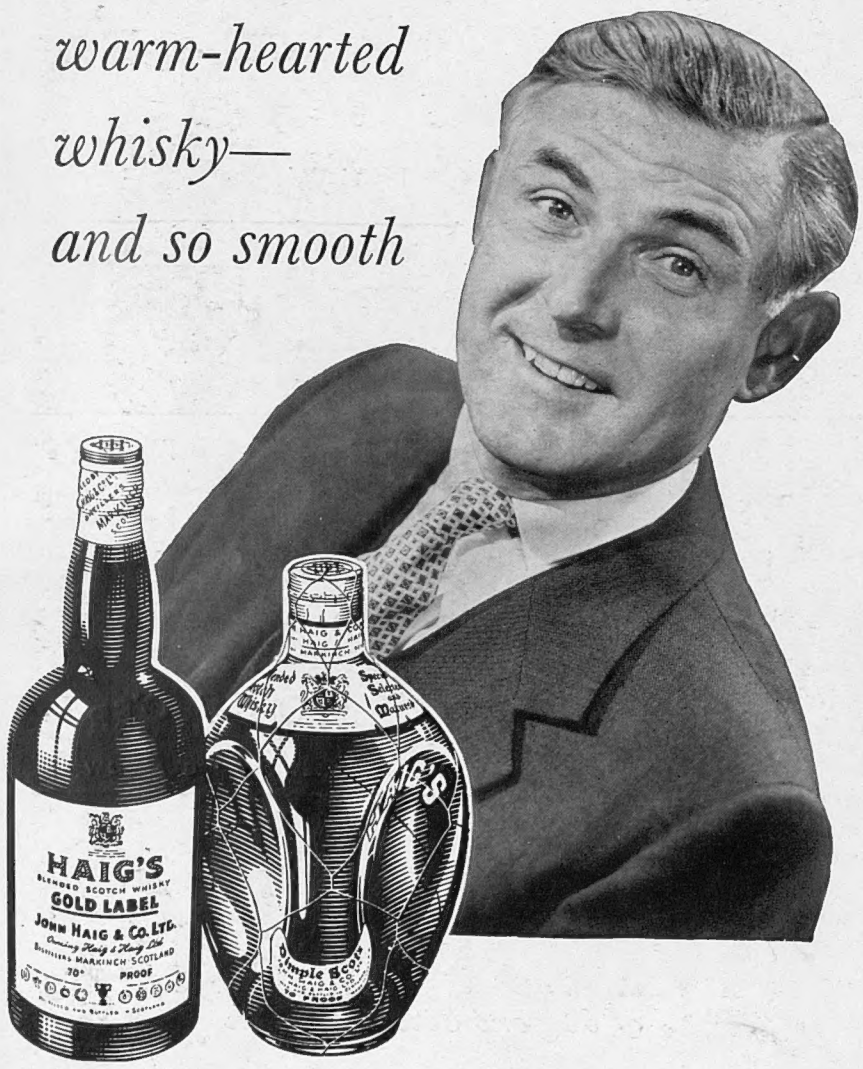
*Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom*

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/6

# Don't be vague
# Ask for
# Haig

*Such a warm-hearted whisky— and so smooth*




THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

# DICK FRANCIS
## The Sport of Queens

"The best racing autobiography since that of George Lambton . . . an enthralling book" HOTSPUR *(Daily Telegraph)*. "I enjoyed this book more than any racing autobiography that has come my way" CAPT. HEATH *(News Chronicle)*

*With many illustrations 21/-*

MICHAEL JOSEPH

*see* ITALY
SWITZERLAND and AUSTRIA

***for 15-day sunshine holidays***

*Conducted "Stars of Italy" coach tour visiting* MILAN, FLORENCE, ROME, RIMINI, VENICE, CAPRI — *from* **42** GNS.

*Escorted rail tours to* RIMINI, RICCIONE, ALASSIO, VIAREGGIO, SESTRI, LEVANTE — *from* **24** GNS.

AIR HOLIDAYS — *from* **38** GNS.

**SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA**
LUCERNE, MONTREUX, LUGANO, INTERLAKEN, STEINACH, INNSBRUCK, SEEFELD, KITZBUHEL

**Escorted holidays by rail from 28 GNS. by air from 41 GNS.**

*Send to-day for FREE illustrated booklet*

**APAL TRAVEL LTD.**
(Dept. S)
78 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.
287 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CROWN OF CROWNS
LIEBFRAUMILCH

If this fine wine—with the triangular label—isn't on your wine merchant's list please write for nearest supplier to Percy Fox & Company Ltd., 38, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

A Langenbach Hock

Volume CCXXXII No. 3016 The SPHERE, London, January 18, 1958

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

© 1958. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

**MR. MACMILLAN IN NEW DELHI—WITH MR. NEHRU HE IS STUDYING THE LIST OF GUESTS BEFORE A STATE BANQUET: Lady Dorothy Macmillan stands with them. The dinner was one of the many occasions during the British Premier's visit to India in which the close ties between the two countries were emphasised in the speeches. India was the first stop in Mr. Macmillan's tour of Commonwealth countries. On Sunday last he went on to Pakistan and later this week he was due in Ceylon.**

In his tour to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, New Zealand and Australia, Mr. Macmillan is making history, for it is the first time a United Kingdom Prime Minister in office has ever visited any of these countries. In India, where he spent most of last week, and in Pakistan, where he arrived on Sunday, he received enthusiastic welcomes. Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, and Malik Firoz Khan Noon, the Pakistani Head of Government, both made abundantly clear their wish for continuing the closest associations with Britain and these feelings were frequently reciprocated by Mr. Macmillan. His journey is taking place at a most critical time in world affairs, and undoubtedly he is using the opportunity to consult at first hand with the various Premiers on international as well as Commonwealth questions. When Mr. Macmillan was in New Delhi, Marshal Bulganin's latest letter, calling for an immediate broad-based "Summit" Conference, was received in London. In a Press interview Mr. Macmillan indicated that his reply would favour a later conference smaller in numbers, after adequate preparations at lower levels. (Further pictures from India on page 97.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

**ENCOUNTERING A HEAVY SWELL:** A fishing trawler ploughs through a heavy swell while making her way past a lighthouse at the entrance to Aberdeen harbour en route to the fishing-grounds. The water has lifted the bows of the vessel into the air, throwing her foremast high above the tumbling sea. During recent weeks, many fishing trawlers leaving Aberdeen harbour have encountered turbulent seas caused by high winds.

**A CHILDREN'S MEET IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS:** children's meet of the North Cotswold Hunt prepare The meet, organised for the children before they went ful. It attracted a number of very young riders

Mr. Thorneycroft.—The season of peace and goodwill has not seldom proved an occasion for clashes. For my part I regret that the only Chancellor in recent times who had been resolute in determination to stick rigidly to an example in restraint and economy from the top should have felt it necessary to resign with his team. The Premier is off on his travels and his Cabinet shuffle could not have come at a worse time. The majority of the Cabinet were against Mr. Thorneycroft and the argument that their compromise is " only a little one " I find unconvincing. Mr. Thorneycroft should have been supported in letter no less than spirit, for the public set store by this example from the top which Cabinets have constantly burked. His successor was a success as Minister of Agriculture, in which post Mr. Hare must learn the ropes. It is always regrettable that a Cabinet shuffle due to a resignation is achieved largely on the principle of promotion and not of *ad hoc* fitness. This change of Chancellors at a vital time is the more deplorable because circumstances at home are not the only anxieties. The eyes of the world are on us as we grapple with maintaining confidence in sterling; and the resigning team at the Exchequer have all along regarded the prime factor in inflation and loss of confidence in sterling at home and abroad as due to too ambitious spending. The pruning of Government spending was the first essential in their campaign. With that view I believe a majority of the nation agrees, though leading newspapers and pundits are sharply divided on the resignation. No doubt Mr. Heathcoat Amory will fill the post with credit to himself, and maintain the Government's policy to fight inflation, but that policy is vaguer again, the force of the example is diminished and at home and abroad the door will open a little wider to doubt about sterling and to new claims (" only a little one ") for higher pay. Mr. Macmillan went off on his travels with his Cabinet not even reshuffled, with untried men in key posts, with the bitterness of a quarrel, and with many a new question to be asked by his brother Premiers and answered by him. It is an unfortunate incident and it seems odd to me that (following that oft-repeated guarantee " we shall not hesitate to take measures *however unpopular* ") he should reject the late Chancellor's resignation as based on " a matter of principle." Principles, if they mean anything, can have no truck with compromises, even with " little ones," if £50,000,000 is to be regarded as mere chicken-feed in our annual squandering on what we cannot afford. It is a setback to the Government which will require urgent restoration.

Suicide Pact or Safeguard?—After listening to the Premier on nuclear policy just before his departure to the Dominions, I asked myself the question which can never be answered until too late: *What is truth?*

# A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

I thought also that this was a curious subject for a party political broadcast and a very grave subject for treatment in so calm and placid a manner. Indeed, Mr. Macmillan might have been discussing the comparative advantages of using 12-bore or 16-bore guns. But, as we know too well, nerves and display of emotion are fatal characteristics in a modern Premier. The more awful the theme, the calmer and cooler must be the expression. To his credit, his party political broadcast produced no party scores and he can hardly be blamed if in his position he remembered our state of preparedness in 1938 and on the eve of earlier wars. Quite clearly he admitted the dangers inherent in a nuclear arms race and clung to it chiefly because beyond the solution of that mass lunacy there lies the further problem, hardly less dangerous to the free nations, if not to humanity in bulk, of supremacy by the East in conventional armaments. Half the nation perhaps disputes his arguments and asks whether the analogy of 1938 fits 1958. Is there a new thing, a new fact, which spoils the analogy? It is common ground that any arms race is almost certain to end in war. It is disputed that the nuclear deterrent can save humanity or freedom; it is argued that it is a deterrent which merely deters a settlement. It is common ground that to maintain the deterrent is financially disastrous. The Labour Party has still no cut-and-dried alternative, neither has the Church. If a General Election were called to-day on this sole issue, I should expect a narrow victory at the polls for the party which could offer a reasonable hope (which would need a pinch of faith to swallow) and promise a firm determination to work again for the cessation of all nuclear tests, the refusal to enlarge the range of nuclear " haves " among the nations, t refusal of bases for rockets in Britain, one more offer disarmament by NATO countries in return for a f agreement with Russia on nuclear and conventio disarmament with inspection and control. And, final when that " solemn " agreement was signed, a guaran that the British Government during the first stage implementation, would announce its outlawry of nucl weapon manufacture.

What is Truth?—If the Socialists went to polls with that programme and policy this spring, I sho expect them to win, though the electorate would pl them in power in blind and rash faith in the improbab burking the questions of the likelihood of Russia com to signature, still more of her honouring the essen guarantees of the agreement. But human beings will t uncalculated risks to break out of prison and hum patience is reaching breaking point. Millions must ar that there is no end to the nuclear arms race but suici and many thousands, accepting their total inability weigh the pros and cons, would fall back on morality a argue that not even escape from slavery and death sho be attempted with the devices of the Devil. What is trut In many cases an answer can be made to appear adequ on the principles of Christianity. Upright, moral, Christ men have for years been coping with the problem on one l at least and have found that it needs a long spoon to sh a supper with the Russians. What is truth? Poste may know the answer, as in an earlier instance of t posing of the question Christians claim to have do


**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"**

*Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any book-stall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. All terms below include postage.*

| *Published Weekly* 2/6 | 3 MONTHS (*No Extras*) | 6 MONTHS (*Without Xmas No.*) | 6 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*) | 12 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gt. Britain and Eire | 1 17 6 | 3 14 0 | 3 18 6 | 7 12 0 |
| Elsewhere Abroad.... | 1 18 0 | 3 15 0 | 3 19 6 | 7 14 6 |
| Canada .... .... | 1 14 6 (or $5.25) | 3 8 0 (or $10.0) | 3 12 6 (or $10.50) | 7 0 6 (or $19.5 |
| U.S.A. .... .... | $5.75 | $11.00 | $11.50 | $22.50 |

of eager hounds makes for the open country as a special
e off at Kites Nest, near Broadway, in Worcestershire.
he start of school spring term, was outstandingly success-
watched by a large crowd of parents and friends.

**TWELFTH NIGHT CELEBRATION AT DRURY LANE: Watched by members of the Stratford-on-Avon Company, Mr. Austin Melford cuts the Baddeley cake. Assisting him is Doreen Aris. On his right is Sir John Gielgud. The ceremony, which followed a performance of *The Tempest*, is in commemoration of Robert Baddeley, a pastry-cook who became an actor. He left £100 to be invested so that cake could be eaten on Twelfth Night.**

hat is truth? Here are two modern instances. Was
rneycroft right to go? Is the nuclear deterrent the
y way? In each case the Premier and his consenting
biner fell back on a compromise, "a little one." The
*ter dictum* in Mr. Macmillan's broadcast, willingness to
at with Russia for a pact of non-aggression, was taken
the key-point by millions of hearers and is causing
isions of opinion at home and abroad as sharp as on
Thorneycroft issue.

**Top of the Pole.**—If the expeditions of Hillary
Fuchs had been undertaken with the sole object of
ching a hitherto inaccessible spot, I suppose some of
criticism occasionally made at the time of Scott's last
ney (but never since repeated) might be made again.
e times we live in are in their way as dangerous now as
n, and men of action and supreme determination are
ded, now as then, nearer home. But the South Pole,
rful as its approaches are, is no longer inaccessible. It
ries the signatures of earlier visitors, written in triumph
written in bitter disappointment, and it is the site of
ettlement of scientists. Scott and his companions also
re not solely "out for a record." They were scientists,
plorers and geographers. And what was true of Scott
uld be trebly true of Hillary and Fuchs, though Hillary
denied it on his own account and off the record.
ey are leaders of a great scientific expedition and their
ords and discoveries were designed to blaze the trail
opening up a last continent and, in time, for harnessing
resources to the benefit of humanity and using the
owledge gained in a score of ways useful to posterity.
indeed did Scott's records. All these pioneers of the
zen South were, and must be, partners in a great
ntific project spread over years and their courage and
durance have gone and go to reap a bumper harvest for
sterity. Their contemporaries have always benefited
the proofs they afford of man's unconquerable will.
ey are drawn from a restricted and very special pool, and
lary and Fuchs and their teams are members of it.
*ssitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur illis*. There will
ays be a limited number of young men to aspire to
t distinction. It is a pity, then, to learn that these two
st leaders also have signalised the season of goodwill
h a sharp disagreement. We do not yet know the
nts of it, though clearly Dr. Fuchs has a sense of
evance.

**Sir Archibald Bodkin.**—A very remarkable
man died in my village last week at the age of ninety-
. This was Sir Archibald Bodkin, whom of late years
metimes visited, always coming away heartened by the
erience of his courage in facing the handicaps of extreme
age and amazed by the mental clarity and unfading
interest which a few very old men can retain to the end. My own father, also a barrister, lived to be ninety-three, though always regarded as delicate and frail, and *his* mental vigour and forceful interest in every topical event convinced me that the Victorians "had something" which is lost. Sir Archibald was born and bred in the tradition of the Criminal Law. His grandfather and father were Chairmen of Sessions and legal authorities, and his uncle was Sir Harry Poland, the greatest criminal lawyer of his day. As Crown prosecutor and for the defence in criminal trials, Bodkin spent the active years of his life at the Bar, always revealing unsparing industry, accuracy and impartiality in the best traditions of our pre-eminent system of justice. His work was his hobby. He knew no other. He succeeded his uncle as Recorder of Dover and was Senior Treasury Counsel when he was chosen to succeed Charles Mathews as Director of Public Prosecutions. In that office he showed the same qualities of thoroughness, so much so, indeed, that he found delegation of responsibility to his assistants a difficult matter, and total concentration on the law as the business and recreation of his life proved perhaps a narrowing influence. But his conscientiousness and sound judgment were never in doubt and his high reputation survived criticism. After retirement he worked on in many responsible legal posts until well over eighty. At the Bar and in the profession, he was well liked, and if he brought many evil men to the gallows, there were many whom his pleadings "restored to their friends and their relations." In his final retirement he turned to gardening as a hobby and soon became an authority. He enjoyed a happy married life for sixty-six years, and his widow, no less remarkable for courage and philosophy in facing the handicaps of old age, survives him.

**A Belated Hougoumont Memorial.**—I read with interest that the Scots Guards intend to erect at Hougoumont Farm a memorial plaque to the regiment which with others held out all that famous day, June 18, 1815, on the right wing of Wellington's line. I think the wooden door of the farm, bullet-pocked and charred, has long been in St. James's Palace. The troops which held Hougoumont that day were the 2nd Coldstream, the 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Regiment and the 1st Regiment of Footguards, with some light companies. When, on June 19, Mr. Creevey secured his famous interview with the Duke in Brussels, the latter was perhaps penning these words of his despatch:—"About ten o'clock the enemy commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from Gen. Byng's Brigade of Guards which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lt.-Col. Macdonel and afterwards of Col. Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops . . ." On a golden day in the autumn of 1918 when the King of the Belgians and his family returned to Brussels, I was finding billets for units of the Cavalry Corps on the field of Waterloo, and two memories remain vivid: the marks of the battle inside and outside the farm still visible after a century; and the curious coincidence of my haphazard selection of accommodation for the 15th Hussars nearer Belle Alliance. On a post in some of the selected stabling I found written clearly "15th Hussards." The regiment had occupied the same buildings a century before.

**"Ironing-out a Bottleneck."**—For thirty years the battle of the Eton High Street bottleneck has raged and died down and raged again. And now there is a possibility, though no certainty, that it will be won at last, like Waterloo, on the playing fields of Eton. The route for road and river bridge is not a new invention. It is probably the most practicable, but more investigations will take place before it is finally agreed, and much water will run under Windsor Bridge before the fearful summer traffic can find an alternative crossing. The history of Oxford's parallel problem assures us that a "final decision" has no instant finality, and that vested interests are sometimes vocal enough to drown the "last words" of a Minister of the Crown. But the Eton bottleneck has for decades been an even worse joke than Oxford's High Street, and all concerned will ultimately welcome decision and action to remove a just criticism that Britain meets the challenge of the second half of the twentieth century with an eighteenth-century mentality. Here is a chance to leap in thought to the Waterloo era at least.

**The Squirrel Laughed.**—With the ending of the "two-bob a tail" inducement to kill grey squirrels, the squirrels will be laughing in their dreys and the Pest Officers ruefully admitting defeat. No one who has made a practice of thinning-out this pest in wooded areas, especially pine and spruce woods, would claim that the inducement leaves a bonus for the marksman, and with cartridges at 6d. each, the appeal to go on with the good work without a bonus will fall on many deaf ears. But now even the cartridges are in very short supply when required for other and more attractive game, and wherever one owner of a copse or wood fails to control the pest, all the work of his neighbours is thrown away. The squirrels multiply in even a 20-acre sanctuary and to-day there are as many as ever there were. And jays and magpies multiply, too. There are, indeed, several methods of trapping squirrels. The grey squirrel is a foolish creature, less suspicious even than a rat. But obviously the pest-masters believed in shooting or the inducement would not have been offered. And now I fear only some form of myxomatosis or other disease will rid the south of this plague.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SCENE IN CONGRESS: The House of Representatives is packed during the Joint Session as President Eisenhower delivers his State of the Union Message. His fifty-minute speech was the longest he has made since his mild stroke last November. The President outlined an urgent programme for peace, and for maintaining national security and confidence.

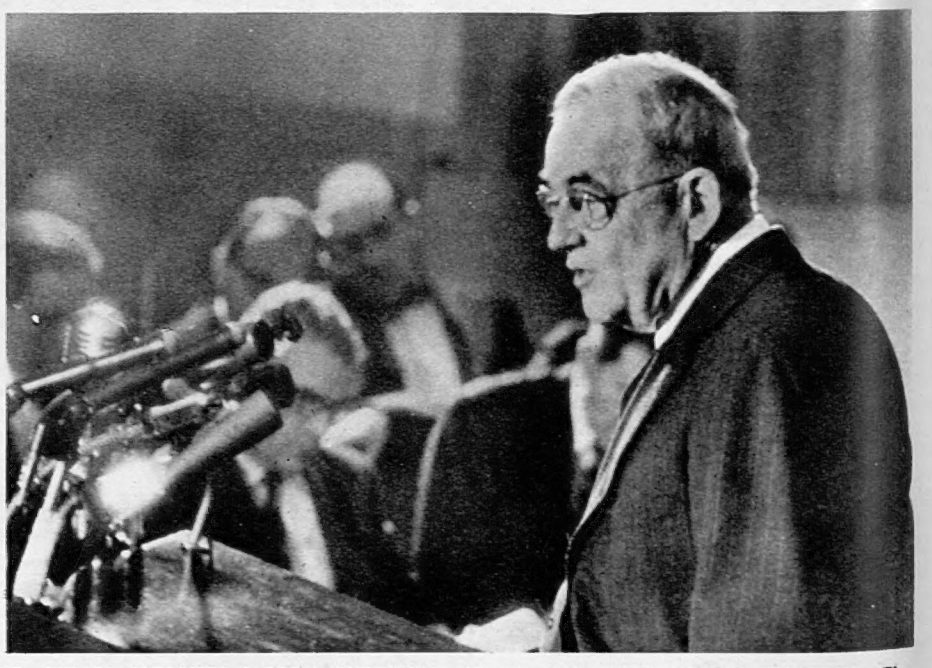
# THE STATE OF THE UNION

*President Eisenhower Calls for "Total Peace"*

In a 50-minute speech before Congress, his longest since his stroke in November, President Eisenhower delivered his annual State of the Union Message on January 9. An enthusiastic house applauded strongly when he said that "we will always go the extra mile with anyone on earth if it will bring us nearer a genuine peace." The Administration was planning an increase of $4,000,000,000 (about £1,420,000,000) in the military budget which would, in the main, be spent on long-range missiles, more advanced aircraft, nuclear submarines and cruisers, and higher pay for the armed forces. This was necessary to establish confidence in American security. Russia was waging "total cold war," said the President. The only answer was to wage "total peace."

Last Sunday the White House announced the reply to Mr. Bulganin's letter calling for an early summit meeting between the powers. President Eisenhower's message made the meeting conditional on lower level preparation in order that proposals could be put forward in presentable enough form to ensure a reasonable prospect of success.

LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS: This section of the distinguished audience which heard President Eisenhower's State of the Union Message to the Joint Session of Congress includes high Government officials, leaders of the armed forces and members of the Washington Diplomatic Corps.



MR. DULLES ADDRESSES A PRESS CONFERENCE ON MR. BULGANIN'S SUMMIT PROPOSALS: The United States Secretary of State is commenting on the latest letter from Mr. Bulganin, which proposed a meeting of the heads of more than twenty Governments. It was, Mr. Dulles suggested, a propaganda trick designed to coincide with the President's State of the Union Message. He went on to repeat his objections to another meeting of heads of Governments without adequate preparation and a reasonable assurance that positive results would be produced. Later, President Eisenhower's official reply stated that lower level talks would be necessary to formulate an agenda before a summit meeting could be held.

# MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO INDIA

*The First Stage of the Prime Minister's Tour of Five Commonwealth Countries*

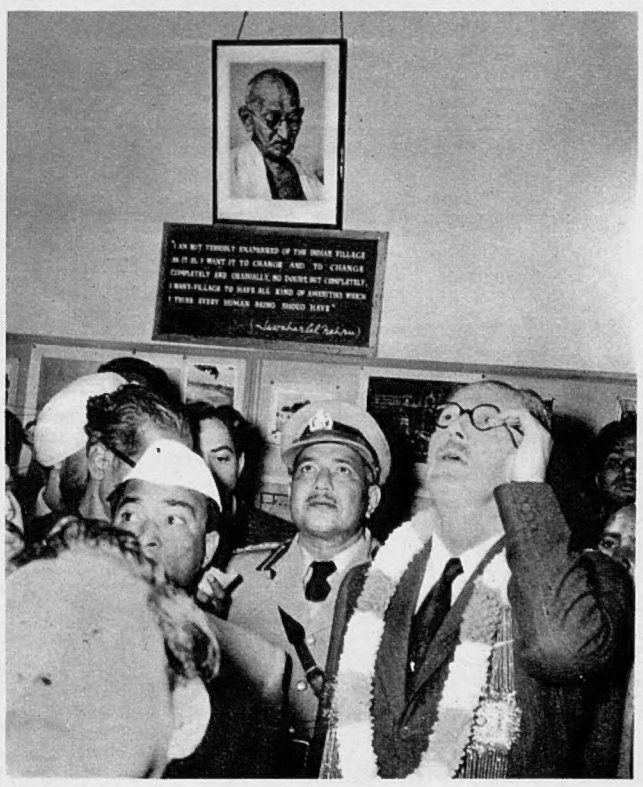
**WELCOME AT DELHI: Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan are greeted at the airport of the capital of India by Major-General Sardar Harnarayan Singh (left), representing the President of India at the official welcome, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Indian Prime Minister's daughter, and Mr. Nehru.**

**A WALK WITH THE PRESIDENT: Lady Dorothy Macmillan strolls with Dr. Rajendra Prasad through the Mogul Gardens of the Presidential Palace in New Delhi. They are followed by Mr. Macmillan and Mrs. Indira Gandhi, who acts as hostess for her father, Mr. Nehru.** Mr. Macmillan's visit to India on the opening stage of his current Commonwealth tour was the first time a British Prime Minister in office had been in that country. In his speech at the airport he paid tribute to the "great personality" of Mr. Nehru and said he looked forward also to meeting other Indian leaders. He hoped to see for himself something of the great progress made by India in democratic organisation and of the bold and imaginative efforts with which she was tackling her massive economic problems.

**DRIVE THROUGH NEW DELHI: The British and Indian Prime Ministers stand together in an open car from which Mr. Macmillan acknowledges the applause of the crowd in one of the main thoroughfares of the capital. The Union Jack and the Tricolour of India fly from the flagpoles and behind on the left is the fine Rotunda of the Parliament Building.**

*Below—*

**TIDY-MINDED PREMIERS: Mr. Nehru uses his handkerchief to dust a seat and Mr. Macmillan appears to be about to pick up something from the ground before they sit down with Lady Dorothy Macmillan in the gardens of the Presidential Palace in New Delhi.**



*On right—*

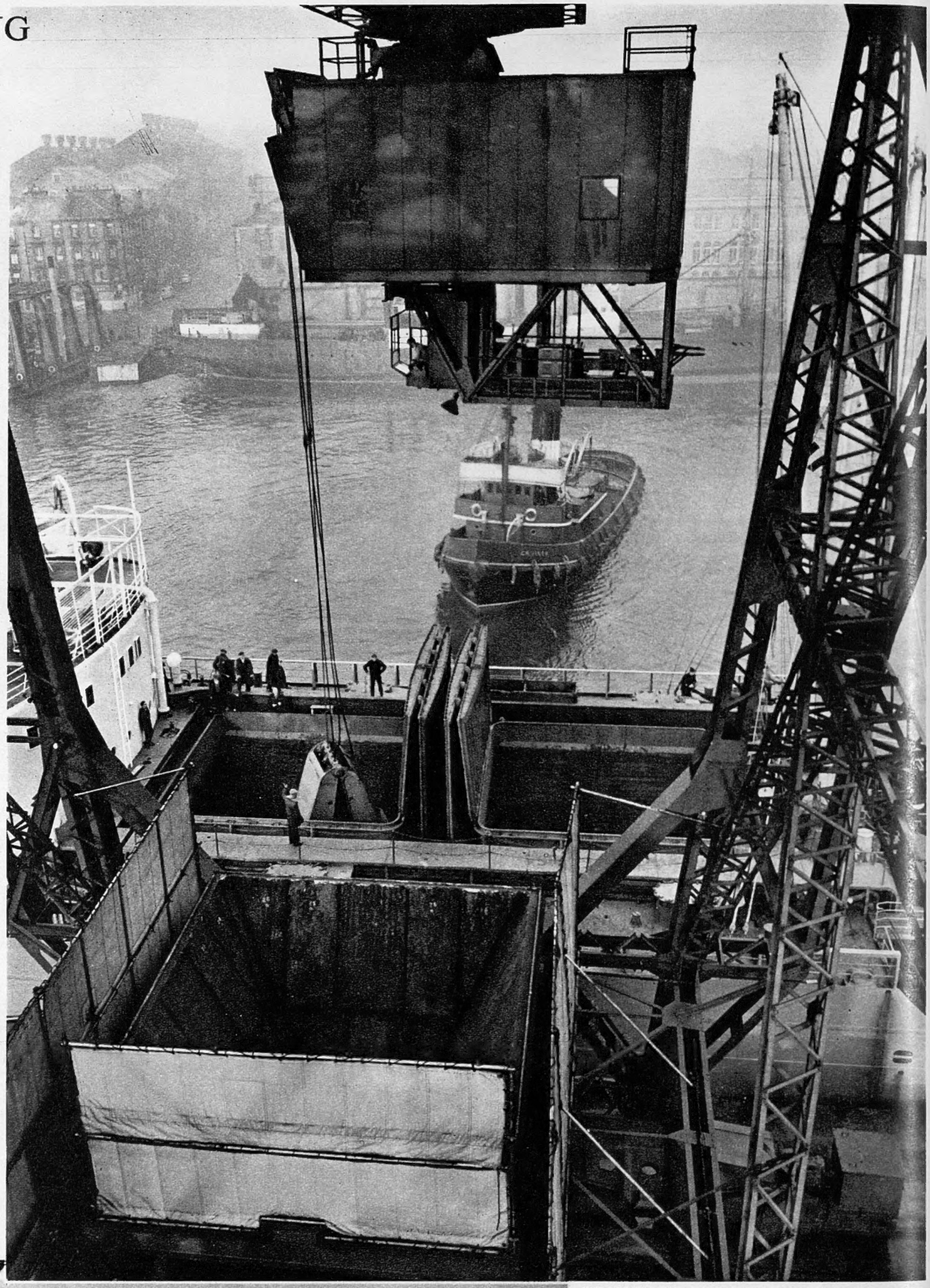
**BENEATH A PORTRAIT OF GANDHI: Mr. Macmillan peers up to examine inscriptions on the wall of a community centre in the village of Shamaspur, a rural community project near New Delhi. Behind him is a picture of Mahatma Gandhi, the founder of independent India.**

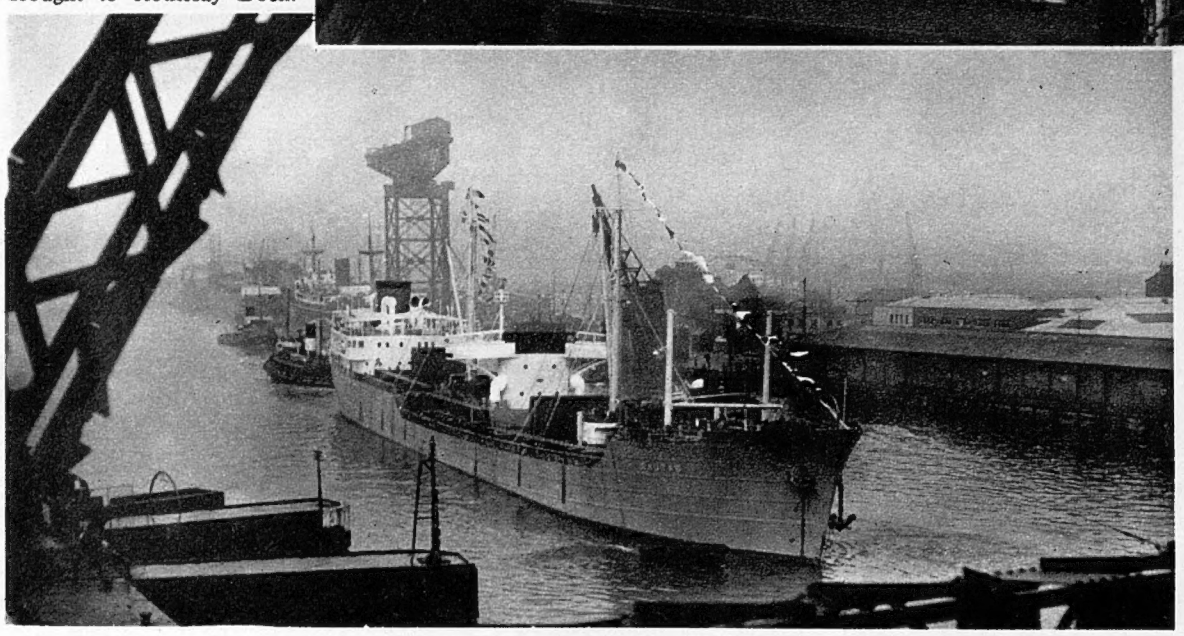
# UNLOADING SHIPS QUICKLY

*New Gear at a Reconstructed Dock in Glasgow Will Double the Rate of Discharge.*

The completion of a new ore unloading dock at General Terminus Quay, Glasgow, marks a new stage in a major development in the Scottish steel industry. The project, which has been carried out at a cost of about £2,000,000, has been constructed by Colvilles Ltd., in collaboration with the Clyde Navigation Trust, to provide an up-to-date discharging terminal for iron-ore. The dock has been completely reconstructed and equipped throughout with new gear which, it is anticipated, will double the rate of unloading. Once the dock is fully operational it is expected that an ore carrier containing a cargo of 15,600 tons will be completely unloaded within two days instead of the average rate of about seven days for a similar cargo at Rothesay Dock, Clydebank. The new plant was inaugurated by the arrival of the Swedish motor-vessel *Rautas*, which had in her hold a cargo of 10,300 tons of ore. This is possibly the largest cargo ever to have been brought so far up the River Clyde, but it will not be the biggest, for vessels of a larger size will berth at the quay. On *Rautas's* arrival, the ore was taken from the hold by one of three unloaders and the grab discharged it into a hopper. From there, it proceeded by a system of conveyers and up a rubber belt into super-elevated storage bunkers. The bunkers drop the ore into single hopper scale cars and after being weighed it is dropped into loading hoppers, from which it is passed to rail wagons for transportation to the Ravenscraig works.

In its present form the new dock, described as having the most advanced system of its kind, will handle 1,600,000 tons of ore a year. About 7,000 tons of steel went into its construction and twenty persons will be employed there. The inauguration of the plant marks the final stage in an expansion programme designed to produce 400,000 tons of steel a year at Ravenscraig. Until the completion of the new dock, all the iron-ore requirements of the local steel works were brought to Rothesay Dock.





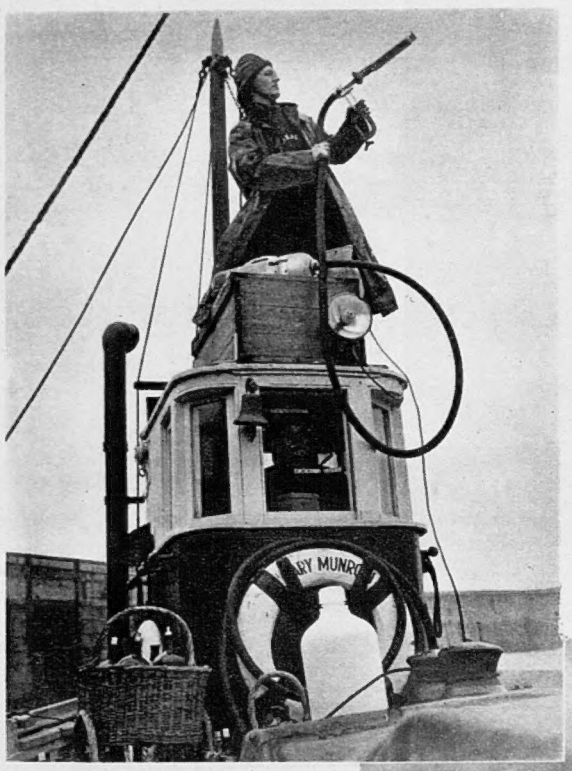
**UNLOADING THE FIRST CARGO OF IRON-ORE AT A COMPLETELY RECONSTRUCTED DOCK IN SCOTLAND: A giant grab-bucket is lowered into the hold of the Swedish motor-vessel *Rautas* during the unloading of her cargo of 10,300 tons of ore at a new ore unloading dock at General Terminus Quay, Glasgow. Costing in the region of £2,000,000, the dock has been built by Colvilles Ltd., in collaboration with the Clyde Navigation Trust, to provide an up-to-date discharge terminal for iron-ore. The gear installations will, it is expected, double the rate of discharge from ore-carrying vessels. A cargo of about 15,000 tons will take only two days to unload instead of the average rate of a week at Rothesay Dock, Clydebank, which will still be used.**

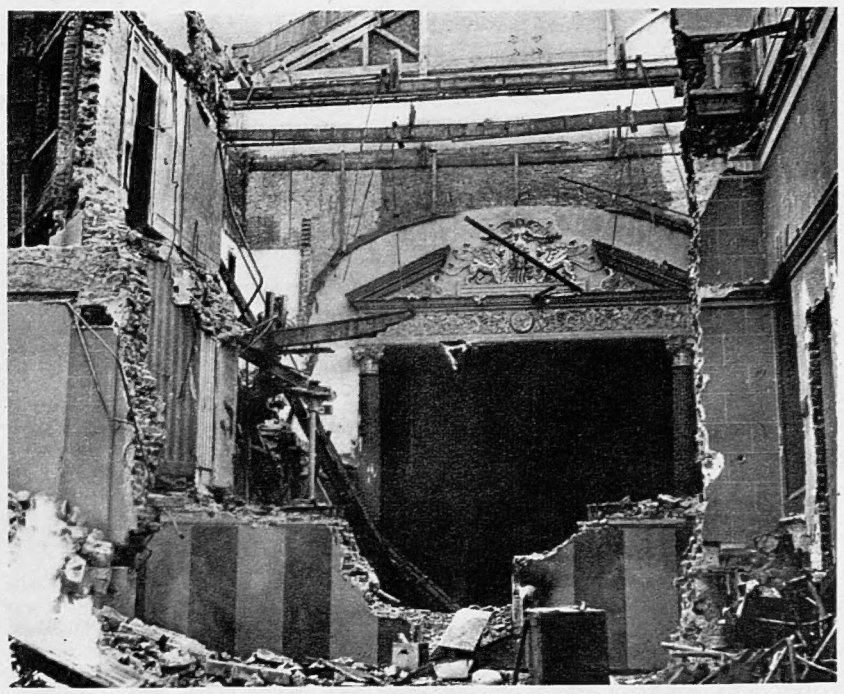
*On left—*

**DRESSED OVER-ALL AND TENDED BY TUGS: The Swedish motor-vessel *Rautas* prepares to berth at the new ore unloading dock. Her cargo of 10,300 tons of ore brought from Newfoundland is possibly the largest cargo to have been brought so far up the River Clyde—but in future larger vessels will unload at the dock. Over 800 piles strengthen the quay.**

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

**GAUGING THE RADIATION DANGER NEAR WINDSCALE:** The tests of radioactivity in the surrounding country and the Irish Sea, which form part of the normal precautions at the Windscale reactor, were intensified for the report of the Committee of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. *Above*—A converted household vacuum-cleaner is being used to take samples of air- and wind-borne dust in pastures near the plant in Cumberland to estimate the possible danger to livestock. Further tests are carried out on the soil and vegetation. *On right*—One of the crew of the trawler *Mary Munro III* takes samples of air and dust from the wheelhouse. Mud was also hauled up from the sea-bed to be tested for its radioactive content. The main conclusion of the inquiry committee, which was appointed under Sir Alexander Fleck, was that although there was an acute shortage of safety experts, there were no fundamental weaknesses in the Atomic Energy Authority's health and safety organisation.





**THE PASSING OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE:** In King Street, St. James's, the old theatre, which opened in 1835, is rapidly being torn down. The angel on the broken pediment of the proscenium arch is now visible to passers-by in the street outside. Theatre-lovers fought in vain to save the St. James's Theatre, and in spite of the efforts of such distinguished supporters as Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, a block of offices will shortly appear on the site.

**AN AIR MARSHAL RETIRES FROM THE ROYAL AIR FORCE:** Officers and staff pull the car carrying Air Marshal Sir George Beamish, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Technical Training Command, as he leaves his headquarters at Huntingdon. He was retiring after having completed almost thirty-five years' service with the R.A.F.

**SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF MALDEN AND COOMBE:** He is accepting a casket at his home at Chartwell from Alderman H. Arbon Collins, the Mayor. It was Sir Winston's thirty-eighth freedom of a borough.

**THE FIRST TRAIN OVER LEWISHAM FLY-OVER:** Since the disaster at St. John's, Lewisham, in South-East London, on December 4, when ninety people lost their lives, work has gone on rapidly to replace the bridge which crashed down on the wreckage on the line below. Five weeks later a new bridge has been completed. It will serve temporarily for about two years until a permanent bridge can be built.

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES

**ENLARGING A LAKE IN A PARISIAN PARK:** Work proceeds to extend the lake in the Bois de Vincennes, in Paris, the famous beauty spot in the French capital which was laid out a hundred years ago around the very much older Chateau de Vincennes, at one time a residence of the kings of France. The lake is being enlarged to accommodate more ducks and fish, also to allow more boats to row on it.

**INDEPENDENCE DAY IN BURMA:** Tanks of the Burmese Army drive past President U Win Maung (taking the salute on the dais) during the celebrations of the anniversary of Burmese Independence. The tanks are of British manufacture. The treaty by which Burma left the British Commonwealth came into force in January 1948.

**THE PRESIDENT'S NEW YEAR DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION IN WEST GERMANY:** Dr. Theodor Heuss (centre, with star on his coat), the President of Federal Germany, talks with M. Huber, the Swiss Ambassador. To the right behind Dr. President Heuss, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer is in conversation with Sir Christopher Steel, the British Ambassador. To the right again, in the front group, are Hr. Anker (Norway) and M. Lamping (the Netherlands), who has his back to Ambassador do Prado of Brazil talking with Herr Von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister. There are now nearly seventy Heads of Mission accredited to the Federal Republic. Because of their number the annual reception could not be held in the Presidential Residence. Instead it took place in the Redoute, in nearby Bad Godesberg.

**AN ANNUAL OCCASION IN AMSTERDAM:** Queen Juliana of the Netherlands inspects a guard of Grenadiers in ceremonial uniforms outside the Royal Palace in Amsterdam. She is accompanied by Prince Bernhard. They were on their way to the New Year reception for members of the Diplomatic Corps held annually in January by the Queen.

*On right—*

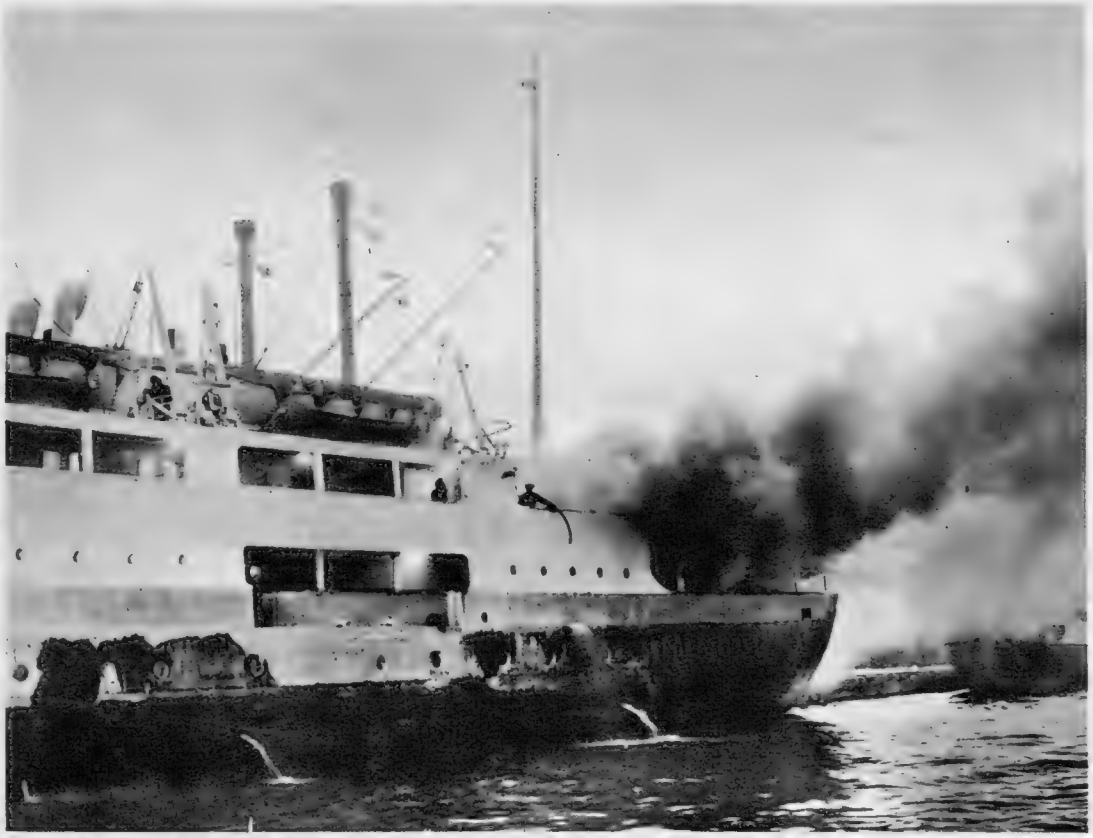
**PAYING RESPECT TO THE JAPANESE EMPEROR:** A long column of men and women stretching almost as far as the eyes can see winds towards the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. Every New Year's Day it is customary for huge crowds of people to gather round the Palace as a mark of respect and greeting to the Emperor and Empress. This year their Majesties appeared nine times on a specially built balcony to acknowledge the cheers of some 132,000 subjects.

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A CRASH AT EDINBURGH : An engine with steam spouting from it has mounted a platform at Princes Street Station. It was bringing in a train with about 100 passengers when it failed to stop. There were many minor injuries among the passengers but only one was kept in hospital. The presence of mind of the driver in sounding his whistle when he realised his engine was out of control cleared people away from the platform and averted a far more serious accident.

A COLLISION ON THE INDIAN RAILWAYS : The engines of two passenger trains have crashed head-on at Mohri Station, six miles south of Ambala. One locomotive was drawing an express from Delhi and the other taking a stopping train to the capital. Some thirty people were killed and the injured numbered eighty-five.

NEW YEAR GREETING FOR ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS : The exiled Greek Cypriot leader (centre) is given a kiss by Archbishop Theoklitos of Athens at a ceremony in the Greek capital. Archbishop Makarios was attending the cutting of the St. Basil's Cake, which is a centuries-old tradition in the Greek Orthodox Church, and was reported to have been wished "a speedy return to free Cyprus."



FOURTEEN DEAD IN A FIRE ABOARD A SHIP : Smoke covers the stern of the Norwegian coastal vessel *Erling Jarl*, which had caught fire with 300 passengers on board. Much of the second-class accommodation was gutted and fourteen men lost their lives. The fire is believed to have started in a laundry locker of the ship.

AN EPIPHANY PROCESSION IN MILAN : Dressed as the Three Wise Men, leaders of a motor club stand in the Duomo Square by their motor-scooters. They were about to lead a procession through the streets to mark the Feast of the Epiphany. On this public holiday all over Italy gifts are given by the public to the traffic police.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF LAOS IN PARIS : Prince Souvana Phouma arrives at Orly Airport in a violent storm. On his right is M. Faure, the French Foreign Minister. The Premier was making an official visit to France on his way to America. Laos is one of the independent Sovereign States in the French Union.

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Two people were hurt when Labour Party supporters of the Prime Minister of Malta, Mr. Dom Mintoff, tried to break up a meeting held by Miss Mabel Strickland, the leader of the Opposition Progressive Constitutional Party, at Zebbug village, six miles from Valetta. Dockyard workers hurled brickbats at Miss Strickland and tried more than half a dozen times to break through the police cordons. Order was finally restored by mounted police, who used their truncheons. Miss Strickland had earlier demanded that Mr. Mintoff should resign from office following the exchange of messages with the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, over the dockyard dispute, which arose from the fear by Maltese workers that the dockyard would fall into disuse, resulting in mass unemployment on the island. Mr. Mintoff has attempted to effect a policy which calls for a severing of Maltese ties with Great Britain unless the dockyard situation is eased. Mr. Lennox-Boyd has accused Mr. Mintoff of misrepresenting the facts to the Maltese people.

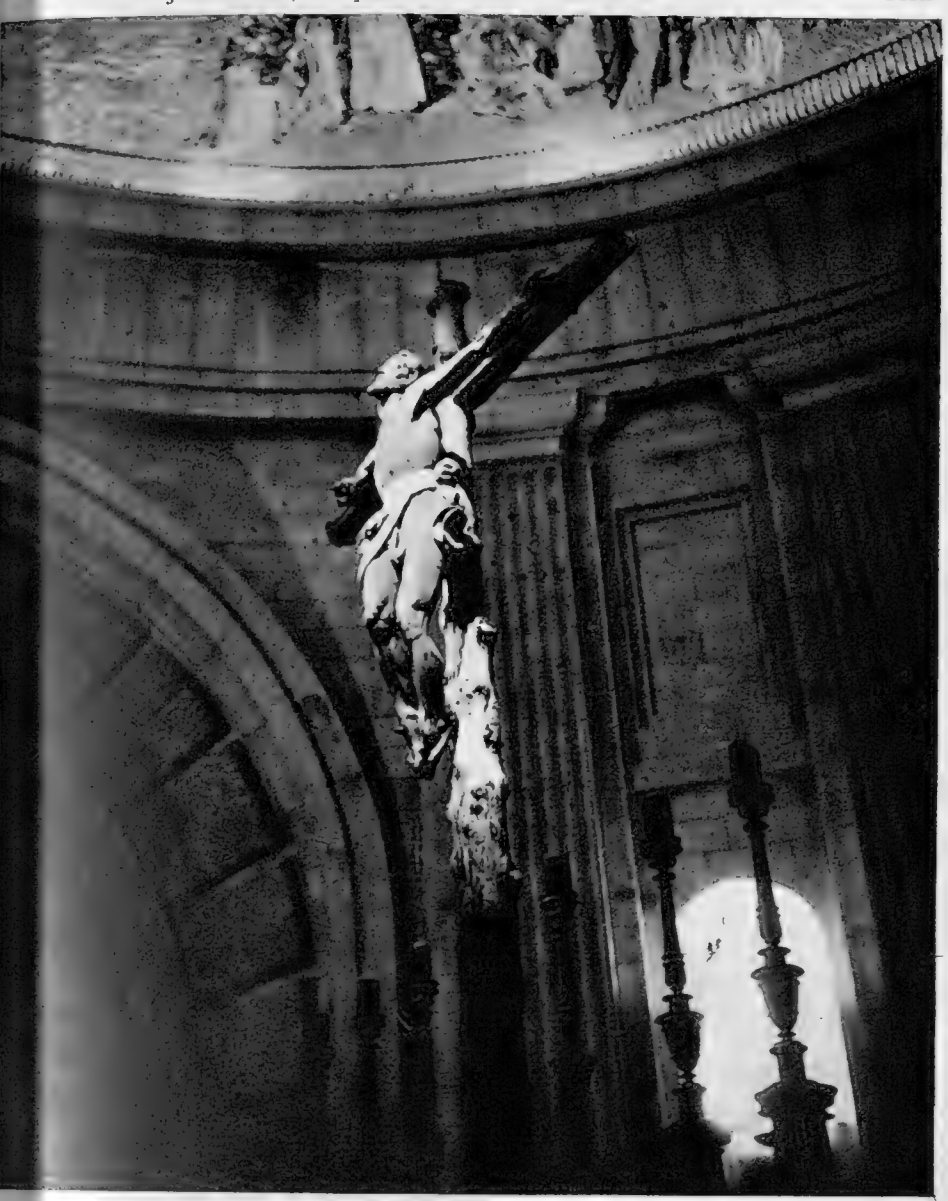
**DEMONSTRATIONS IN MALTA: A cordon of mounted policemen at Zebbug, six miles from Valetta, hold back supporters of Mr. Mintoff's party who tried to break up a rally held by Miss Mabel Strickland. In her address, Miss Strickland called for Mr. Mintoff's resignation from the Premiership.**

**STONED BY DOCKYARD MEN: Miss Mabel Strickland, the leader of the Maltese Opposition Progressive Constitutional Party, continues to address the meeting at Zebbug, near Valetta, in spite of heavy stone-throwing.**

**THE PRIME MINISTER OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN INDIA: M. Viliam Siroky (fourth from right, in dark suit) walks with Dr. Rajendra Prasad (second from right), the President of India, and Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, to a luncheon in the Presidential residence in New Delhi. The Czechoslovak Prime Minister's visit to India coincided with that of Mr. Macmillan.**

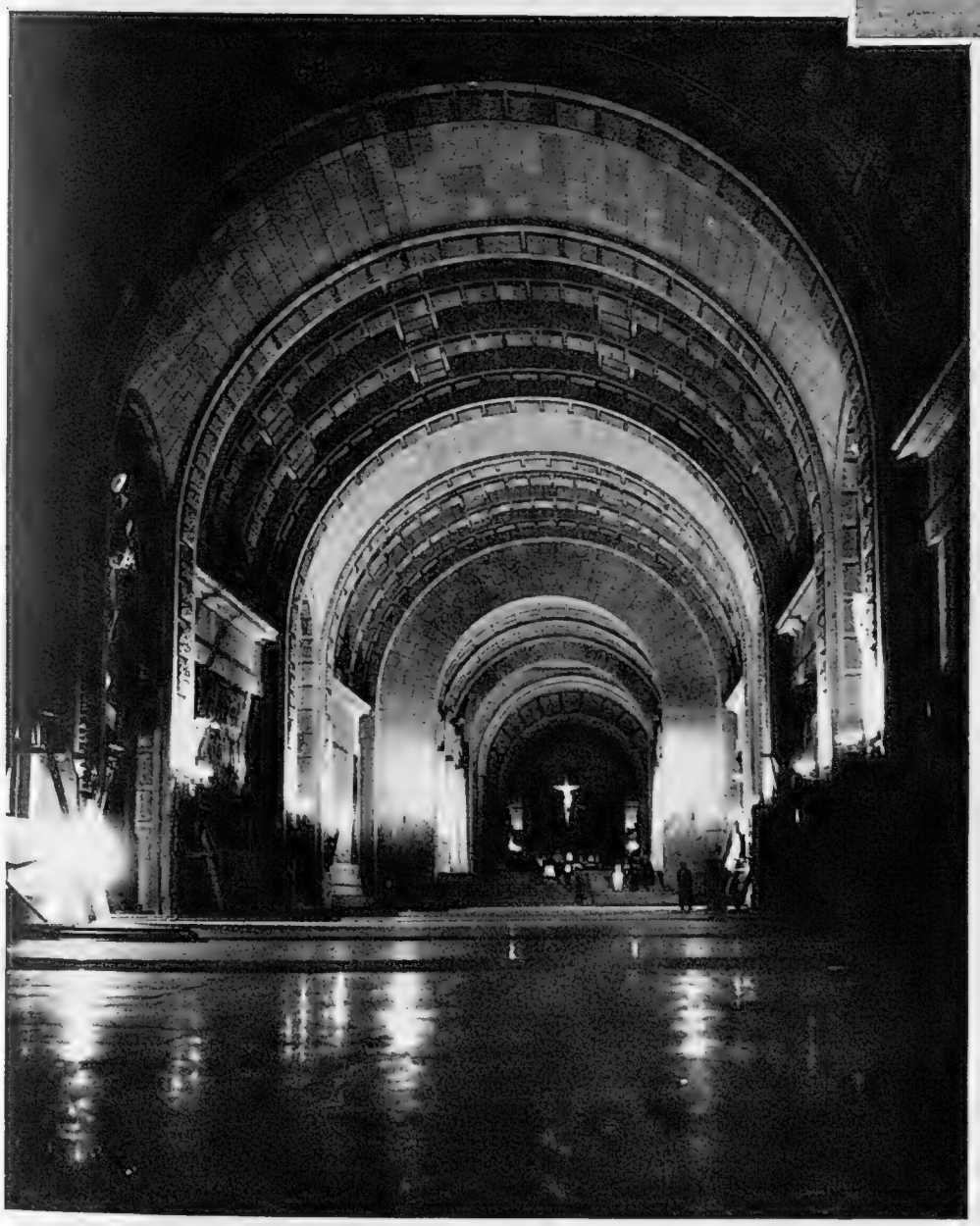
**THE INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE "PAMIR": The five members of the Maritime Board appointed to make the inquiry sit in the high-backed chairs in the thirteenth-century Rathaus at Lübeck, in West Germany. In the centre is the President of the Board, Judge Eckart Luhmann.**

**EXPERT WITNESSES AT THE "PAMIR" INQUIRY: Captain H. Eggers (left), former Master of the vessel, Captain H. Grubbe (centre), Master of the *Pamir*'s sister-ship *Passat*, and Captain H. Dominik, Inspector of the *Pamir-Passat* Foundation, the owners of the ship, are seen during a break in the hearings at Lübeck. The four-masted barque of 3,103 tons, carrying Merchant Navy cadets on a training cruise, sank in the South Atlantic last September in a hurricane. There were only six survivors out of her complement of eighty-six. Captain Eggers missed the last voyage of his ship because of illness.**



**INSIDE THE CRYPT IN AN ENORMOUS UNDERGROUND CATHEDRAL NEAR MADRID: A shaft of light bathes the crucifix over the main altar in the crypt of a splendid mausoleum hewn out of the rocks of a valley below the Guadarrama Mountains north of Madrid.**

**A 500-FT. CROSS SURMOUNTS THE MAUSOLEUM: In white stone, it soars skyward from its rock base. At night the cross is floodlit and is visible to five Spanish provinces. Below it are the colonnades of the outer wall of the entrance to the subterranean cathedral.**



**THE MAIN CORRIDOR: Inside the crypt, an 853-ft.-long corridor, lined with ornate tapestries and side altars, leads to the main altar with its large crucifix, a close-up view of which appears at the top left of the page. The entrance to the crypt is through a small opening in the rock façade. Everything in the sepulchre is conceived on a large scale.**

# UNDERGROUND CATHEDRAL

*Spain's Gigantic Mausoleum, a Memorial to the Dead of the Spanish Civil War, is Completed*

A memorial to the people who lost their lives in the Spanish Civil War, one of the most enormous mausoleums ever devised, now stands in all its splendour in a valley below the Guadarrama Mountains, about thirty miles north of Madrid. In effect, it is a vast underground cathedral which has been hewn out of granite rock. On the top it is surmounted by a white cross, 500 ft. high, which will be illuminated at night and be visible from five of the surrounding Spanish provinces. The gargantuan creation is the idea of General Franco, who, it is understood, will eventually have his tomb there. The immediate area around the mausoleum is known as "The Valley of the Dead" and here in the mountainside will rest the bodies of both the Spanish Government and Insurgent troops in the Civil War without any distinction. Everything about the mausoleum, which lies in a granite cone in the middle of a small valley, is conceived on a large scale. Some 200,000 cub. metres of stone have been dug from the interior to make the space for the huge subterranean cathedral. Its roof rises to a height of 120 ft. and takes the form of an enormous dome, only 3 ft. smaller in diameter than the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome. The interior of the cupola is decorated by several hundreds of square yards of mosaics in Roman-Byzantine style. The cathedral includes a crypt with four ossariums and an entrance hall. Outside, before the mausoleum, is an assembly ground capable of accommodating up to 200,000 people for celebrations of open-air Masses and other ceremonies.

The work on this spectacular project was carried out by former political prisoners who have been restored to civil status. The cost is estimated in the region of 300,000,000 pesetas (£2,700,000). However, it is claimed that no State funds were used, all the necessary money having been subscribed voluntarily by the public. "The Valley of the Dead" is being put under the care of a monastic order. A monastery building has been erected at the head of the valley which will serve as a hotel and restaurant for pilgrims who visit the cathedral to pay homage.

*On left—*

**OFFICE DEVELOPMENT ON THE OLD FESTIVAL SITE : This scale model shows the new buildings now under construction for the Royal Dutch/Shell group of companies as they will appear from the north-west. On the right is the 330-ft.-high block which will, at twenty-six storeys, be the tallest office building in London. The main buildings of the "upstream" and "downstream" blocks are eleven storeys high.**

# FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW SOUTH BANK

*Work in Progress on the Royal Dutch/Shell Buildings*

**FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW SOUTH BANK : A panoramic vi building in London. In the distance in the centre of t "downstream" site. High-level pedestrian walkways**

On the South Bank in London, the site of the Festi of Britain Exhibition in 1951, work is rapidly goi on in laying the foundations for what will be the larg office buildings in the capital. In 1953 the London Cou Council announced that the permanent development of t site would combine business buildings with places of leis and entertainment. Although some modifications have be made to the original proposals, the scheme which is no being put into effect will eventually include the Roy Festival Hall, a smaller concert hall, the National Fi Theatre, a riverside hotel and, it is hoped, the Natio Theatre, as well as the Royal Dutch/Shell offices. T Royal Festival Hall has, of course, been in existence si 1951, but the Belvedere Road frontage is temporary, havi been put up for the Festival of Britain. Extensions are be built on to the Hall, and the restaurant facilities will improved when a new riverside front treatment is effect The National Film Theatre, temporarily accommoda since 1952 in the old Festival of Britain Telecinema, n has a permanent home beneath Waterloo Bridge, ope three months ago by Princess Margaret.

Rather surprisingly, no suitable offers have been ma for the lease of the riverside hotel, in spite of the ho shortage in London and the proximity of the site to Wate Station. Construction of the small concert hall will undertaken as soon as the financial situation allows it.

The Royal Dutch/Shell buildings will consist of "upstream" block built on three sides of a square w the open side facing the Thames, and an "L"-shap "downstream" block of eleven storeys about 150 ft. hi abutting on to another of only three storeys. The "u stream" block also consists of eleven storeys domina by a twenty-six-storey tower 330 ft. high. The architect Sir Howard Robertson, A.R.A., and the main contracto are Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd. It is expected th a new office population of over 12,000 will work in the ar when the buildings are completed.

*On left—*

**THE BEGINNINGS OF WATERLOO'S NEW LANDMARK : Along side York Road the work of digging the foundations f the "upstream" Royal Dutch/Shell building goes o In the background is the site of the former Air Termina which has now moved to Cromwell Road, in Kensingto**

the "[illegible]m" site, showing the foundations of what will be the tallest office
icture is [illegible]oyal Festival Hall; to the right of this, beyond the railway line, is the
ee passa[illegible]neath parts of the buildings will be provided in the completed scheme.

HE DOWNSTREAM DEVELOPMENT: The eastern end of Belvedere Road passes in front of the site of the "downstream" building under construction for Royal Dutch/Shell. Beyond is the approach to Waterloo Bridge. It is estimated that an office population of 12,000 will work in the area when the new buildings are completed.

COUNTY HALL'S NEW SECTION: At the western end of the site the new wing of the London County Council headquarters is almost finished. Although the design of the new part of the building follows modern trends, its general lines blend with the older frontage on the left of the picture. County Hall's foundation-stone was laid in 1912 but building went on until 1933.

THE NEW HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINEERING INSTITUTE : Sherpa Tenzing Norgay, who accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary to the summit of Everest in 1953, is the Director of Field Training at the new Institute at Darjeeling, India. In the distance are the Himalayas.

AT THE OPENING CEREMONY : Sherpa Tenzing Norgay (on right) converses with the Maharajakumar of Sikkim at the opening of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling. The Maharajakumar is the son of the Maharajah of Sikkim, the small principality situated at the eastern end of the Himalayan range of mountains. Although the Maharajah is the ruler of the independent state of Sikkim, the country is a protectorate of India, and her foreign affairs are administered by the Indian Government. In the centre of the picture is the Maharajah of Patiala, who is a member of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute's Executive Council. The Prime Minister of India, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Chairman of the Council, officiated at the opening ceremony.

# AN INSTITUTE IN THE HIMALAYAS

*Pandit Nehru Opens a Mountaineering School at Darjeeling, on the Sikkim Border*

AWAITING THE PRIME MINISTER'S ARRIVAL : Buddhist monks, with drums, cymbals and the lengthy sacred Tibetan horn, await Pandit Nehru, at the Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling. *On left*—Little boys hold aloft the Buddhist prayer banners, while beside them the monks clasp ornate musical instruments.

THE BORDER BRIDGE : Pandit Nehru later crossed this narrow suspension bridge over the River Rangpo which leads from India into Sikkim. The floral arch was put up in his honour.

THE MAIN STREET OF SIKKIM'S CAPITAL : A petrol company's sign is the only Western feature visible in this street scene in the city of Gangtok, which is the capital of the principality of Sikkim. Flags and bunting have been strung across the street to welcome the Indian Prime Minister on his official visit.

**THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL : Lord Hailes addresses the representative gathering in the Legislative Council Chamber in Port of Spain, Trinidad.** He was inaugurating the British Caribbean Federation of ten West Indian islands, of which he is the first Governor-General. In his speech Lord Hailes spoke of the honour which he felt in serving such a multi-racial community.

*Right—*
**OATH OF OFFICE : The Governor-General is sworn-in.** On the right of Lord Hailes is Sir Joseph Rahieu-Perez, Chief Justice of Trinidad, and to his left is Sir Edward Betham Betham, Governor of Trinidad and Tobago. Elections will be held for the Federal Legislature at the end of March and Princess Margaret will open the Legislature's first session on April 22.

# FEDERATION DAY IN THE WEST INDIES

*The Historic Ceremony at Port of Spain*

The arrival of Lord Hailes at Port of Spain, Trinidad, on January 3 was the start of a new era in the British West Indies. When he took the oath of office as the first Governor-General, the British Caribbean (or West Indies) Federation came into being. Ten colonies are members of the Federation. They are: Barbados; Jamaica; Antigua; Montserrat; Saint Christopher, Nevis and Anguilla; Trinidad and Tobago; Dominica; Grenada; Saint Lucia; and Saint Vincent.

Representatives of each of them were present in the Legislative Council Chamber in Port of Spain to witness the swearing-in of the Governor-General. In his address he said that he felt both pride and humility, for to no public servant could greater honour or greater responsibility be given than had fallen to him. He expressed the thanks of the West Indies for the telegram of good wishes received from Mr. Dulles on behalf of President Eisenhower and the American people.

The Federation was constituted under the British Caribbean Federation Bill of 1956. After the inception of the first Governor-General, the next steps in its evolution will be the general election for the Federal Legislature on March 25, and the opening of that Legislature by Princess Margaret on April 22. The new constitution is intended to be, in the words of one of the British Ministers responsible for it, "an essential start in preparing the West Indies for full membership of the British Commonwealth, a goal which everyone wishes them to achieve."

*Below—*
**INSPECTION BY LORD HAILES : He walks along a rank of the guard of cavalry mounted in honour of his day of inauguration. The Governor-General of the Federation was for many years a familiar figure in the House of Commons, as Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, M.P. for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool and later for Beckenham in Kent. He was the Government Chief Whip from 1951 to 1955 and then Minister of Works.**

**MEETING FUTURE CITIZENS OF THE FEDERATION OF THE WEST INDIES : Lady Hailes shakes hands with a Trinidad Girl Guide, one of many who had come to welcome her to Port of Spain. With Lord Hailes, behind her, is Mr. Kelshall, Acting Scout Commissioner, Trinidad.**

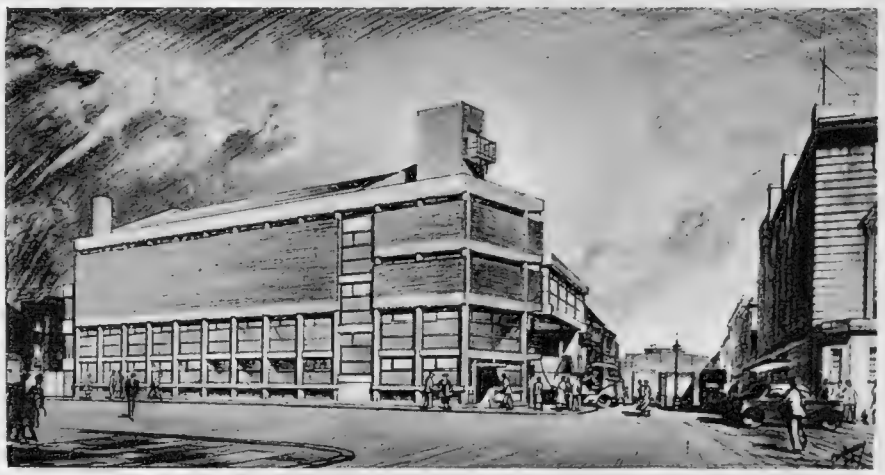
# OLD VIC ANNEXE

*A Building for Properties and Costumes is Under Construction*

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a private performance at the Old Vic on March 18 to mark the opening of a new annexe which is to house the theatre's scenic, property and wardrobe workshops, it is expected that Her Majesty will unveil a commemorative plaque in the vestibule of the new building. The annexe, which is being constructed on a bombed site in Webber Street, adjacent to the Old Vic, will not add to the architectural beauty of London. Its purpose is strictly functional—to give the Old Vic substantial economies by bringing the wardrobe and scenic workshops under one roof and near to the theatre.

At present the wardrobe and wardrobe stores are housed in two buildings in Betterton Street, off Drury Lane, and the scene-building shop and stores are in a converted chapel in the Vale of Health, Hampstead. The painting is done on a small frame installed in the scene dock of the theatre itself. Between thirty and forty people will work in the new building. They include a wardrobe staff of twenty, six carpenters, four property-makers, two scenic artists, the wardrobe-store-keeper and his assistants, and the Production Manager and his staff. The wardrobe store will be in the basement, the production office and property workshops on the ground floor, and the wardrobe on the first floor. Above these will be a paint room 90 ft. long and between 20 and 30 ft. high. It will be of sufficient depth to enable complete sets of scenery to be erected and painted before being transferred to the stage.

The paint frame runs down the centre of the building and is composed of two sections, one 50 ft. in length and the other 40 ft. in length. They can be independent or bolted together. Arrangements have been made for access to the paint frame from all floors so that it will be possible to paint a panorama cloth 90 ft. long and 50 ft. high. At the back of the building there is a single-storeyed carpenter's shop with a covered loading bay, above which are the Governors' offices and Boardroom.



**A NEW ANNEXE FOR A FAMOUS LONDON THEATRE: A general view taken from the junction of The Cut and Waterloo Road showing the Old Vic and the new annexe which is rising rapidly on a bombed site in Webber Street, adjacent to the theatre. When the annexe is completed it will house the Old Vic's scenic, property and wardrobe workshops.**

*On left—*

**AN ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION OF THE COMPLETED ANNEXE: The new building has been designed by Messrs. Lyons, Israel and Ellis, of Great Portland Street, and is being constructed by Messrs. Charles S. Foster and Sons, of Loughton. The finance for the entire project, which is costing in the region of £85,000, is being obtained mainly from the extra-mural earnings of the Old Vic in this country and overseas.**

**FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES: *Above*—The annexe rises against a "backdrop" of London houses and their backyards. *On left*—The view gives an impression of the size and height.**

# COVENT GARDEN'S ARMOURY

*The World's Most Comprehensive Collection of Arms is Kept at the Royal Opera House*

Whatever weapons are required for the various productions at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, it is almost certain that they can be supplied accurately from the theatre's armoury, which is claimed to be the most comprehensive collection of theatrical arms and armour in the world.

There are some 200 firearms, ranging from Martini-Henry carbines back to "Brown Bess" muskets; nearly a thousand swords ranging from modern court swords back to Greek and Roman and Bronze Age German and an assortment of helmets to fit Saracens and Crusaders, Norsemen and Roundheads, Papal Guard and Tartar. During the war, when the Royal Opera House was closed, the collection was carefully stored. When opera was resumed after the war, the various pieces were brought to light again and used as required. A great deal of the material not immediately wanted remained in store, and it is only now that the full extent and value of the collection is being fully appreciated. For Mr. Cyril Brasher, who holds the appointment of Armourer to the Royal Opera House, has turned out the accumulations of a century and is compiling a catalogue of the treasures.

The contents of the armoury fall under three different headings—imaginative, theatrical and authentic. Imaginative weapons have been made to suit the requirements of unusual productions. About half the total number of swords are theatrical but the remainder include authentic specimens from many countries. Some of the period firearms could still be fired, for the craftsmanship of the pre-mass-production time was of such a high standard and the storage so careful that the mechanism is as sound as the day it was assembled.

**INSPECTING AND ADJUSTING THE ARMS IN THE ARMOURY AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Mr. Cyril Brasher, the custodian of the famous collection of arms at the Royal Opera House, holds an 1863 Enfield rifle which is still in perfect condition. All round the walls of the armoury are hung firearms from many periods, and on the wall immediately behind Mr. Brasher hangs the armour and helmets used in many of the theatrical productions. *On right*—A clip is being adjusted on a Copenhagen pistol so that it can be secured to either a belt or a sash. The collection, which has accumulated over the years, is claimed as the most comprehensive in the world.**

*On left*—

**LOOKING AT A FINE SWORD: Mr. Brasher grasps a Lohengrin sword as he examines the swan hilt. The armourer knows exactly what arms are required for any theatrical production at the Royal Opera House. When the collection is brought into order and fully catalogued, a greater degree of historical accuracy will be achieved.**

**ARMOUR AND HELMETS OF VARIOUS STYLES: *Above*—A suit of armour hangs on the wall in the armoury. *On right*—The suit of armour on the left is purely theatrical. The authentic one next to it is of light engraved seventeenth-century armour but the helmet is theatrical.**

ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT KENYA: Mr. John Alexander, the Warden of the Royal National Park on Mount Kenya, makes adjustments to a rain gauge below the peaks of the mountain during a reconnaissance made by members of the Mount Kenya expedition. The study of Mount Kenya is the Kenya contribution to the International Geophysical Year.

# MOUNT KENYA EXPEDITION

*Glacial Research for the International Geophysical Year*

EIGHTEEN men are at present spending seven weeks studying glaciers at a height of about 16,000 ft. above sea level. They are in Kenya, and very close to the Equator. This expedition was the result of Dr. I. S. Loupekine, the senior lecturer in Geology at the Royal Technical College in Nairobi, noticing that although scientific expeditions were being sent to the Ruwenzori Mountains and to Kilimanjaro, Mount Kenya was not included in International Geophysical Year research plans. This was probably due to the notoriety gained by the mountain during the Mau Mau Emergency. Convinced that Emergency conditions would be greatly improved by the end of 1957 Dr. Loupekine wrote to Professor Gordon Manley in England to find out if the Royal Society would back an expedition up Mount Kenya as an International Geophysical Year project.

Support was forthcoming, but only to the extent of £150 financial assistance. Compared with the £7,000 which Belgian scientists were spending on equipping their expedition to Ruwenzori, this was not very much, but nevertheless Dr. Loupekine collected around him the nucleus of a scientific team. The generosity of Kenya firms began to make the project a reality, and supplies of locally-manufactured goods came forward, including dried milk, biscuits, canned meat and other foods. Made-to-measure mountaineering boots were offered, followed by high-altitude tents, special high-altitude pressure cookers, anoraks and ex-Army sleeping-bags.

In July, Mr. Bernard Grindrod, the deputy leader in charge of organising the commissariat, and Dr. Loupekine made a preliminary reconnaissance, spending several days on the mountain and ascending as high as the Lewis Glacier. One of their tasks was the placing of stakes on the glacier to enable surveyors on the expedition proper to measure glacial movement during the intervening six months.

Supplies for the eighteen-man expedition total seven tons, and the Royal Air Force is dropping them on the mountain from a Pembroke aircraft in six or seven sorties. The site chosen for the supply drops is 12,800 ft. up, on moorland.

The objects of the expedition cover various spheres of science. Dr. Loupekine, as leader, has said: "Our most important work will be in connection with glaciology, but there will be supporting programmes in geology, meteorology, hydrology and biology. In addition, a limited amount of work on solar activity observation is planned.

"Mount Kenya is one of the few places in the world where glaciers exist on the Equator and the value of our observations lies in the fact that our observation station will be practically on the Equator and it will be located at approximately 16,000 ft."

VITAL SUPPLIES FOR THE EXPEDITION: Packing food to be dropped by parachute are, left to right, Captain R. Fear, dispatcher, Mr. F. Ford, cameraman, and Mr. S. Brinkman, meteorologist.

MAKING A GLACIAL SURVEY: On the Lewis Glacier, the largest of the twelve glaciers on Mount Kenya, members of the I.G.Y. Mount Kenya expedition fix stakes into position during a preliminary reconnaissance of the mountain. When these are found by the main expedition surveyors will be able to measure glacial movement during the intervening six months.

All the existing glaciers on the mountain will be listed and estimates made of their volume. Within recent years at least one glacier has disappeared altogether from the mountain, but the latest map shows that there are now twelve glaciers there, the largest being the Lewis Glacier. It is already known that glaciers on Mount Kenya are steadily receding, but what has not yet been determined accurately is the speed of the recession. Glaciers on the Equator naturally behave differently from those in other regions of the earth and all information gained from the researches of the Mount Kenya expedition will prove invaluable additions to existing data on glaciology.

The men living above the snowline will be concerned mainly with the behaviour of the glaciers and they will naturally have the coldest part of the job. Their camp will be in the Top Hut at an altitude of 16,000 ft. where night temperatures fall well below freezing point and in bad weather even daytime temperatures are not much higher. Below the glaciers Mr. R. C. Jones, of the Hydraulics Branch of the Kenya Ministry of Works, will be concerned with investigations into the movement and distribution of water in the peak area and in the higher valleys.

One of the most important tasks on the expedition will be undertaken by Mr. S. E. Brinkman, of the East African Meteorology Department. He will be working to the east of the main peaks, and he will set up several special camps. The observations made from these are expected to throw considerable light on weather conditions. Mount Kenya has a tremendous effect on weather conditions over a large area of country around the mountain itself. No records of rain or snowfalls on the eastern or southern sides of Mount Kenya have yet been made. This omission will be put right by Mr. Brinkman and the members of his staff.

What started as a modest enough idea has now become a large-sized reality, and while the Kenya contribution to the International Geophysical Year may not be receiving the same amount of publicity as ventures in other parts of the world, it is, nevertheless, a valuable addition to the world of scientific knowledge.

DISCUSSING ARRANGEMENTS FOR DROPPING SUPPLIES : Dr. I. S. Loupekine, the leader of the expedition, arranges with Flight Lieutenant E. Meddings, pilot of the R.A.F. Pembroke in the background, Flight Lieutenant P. Verdon, the navigator, and Captain R. Fear, the dispatcher, the dropping of supplies on Mount Kenya. *On left*—The Top Hut, next to the Lewis Glacier at an altitude of about 16,000 ft., is where a party of scientists is spending seven weeks carrying out investigations for the Kenya expedition.

# THE COUNTY OF CONTRASTS

*A Fresh Discovery of Lancashire, the Heart of Industrial England*

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PEOPLE do not go to industrial Lancashire for their holidays: they leave. Indeed, you get the impression that visitors on business do not so much as stop overnight in the towns of industrial Lancashire. If you study the A.A. book, you will find that there are remarkably few hotels in this part of England. Consider the eastern rim: Stockport (though actually that is just in Cheshire), Ashton-under-Lyne, Oldham, Rochdale, Todmorden (though that, at least partly, is in Yorkshire), and Burnley. These are all big towns—with the exception of Todmorden, they have populations of near 100,000; in some cases more—yet you can count the hotels in the A.A. book on the fingers of one hand, and have fingers to spare. I must admit that when I worked in industrial Lancashire (which I did for a little more than a year a long time ago) I did just what everyone else did. I went to Blackpool.

I have found that, when you mention Blackpool in polite circles in the South of England, people are a little inclined to look down their noses. All they know of Blackpool is the mid-Victorian music-hall joke (now revived each summer on television) about the landladies (who are, by the way, a much-libelled race), and the Tower. For some reason, despite the fact that Conan Doyle wrote a story about it, Blackpool Tower is considered rather vulgar in polite circles.

Of course, the real trouble about Blackpool (so far as polite circles are concerned) is that the place put into practice the theory that Jack is as good as his master—provided that Jack has the money, of course. Blackpool is, essentially, the product of industrial democracy. Blackpool does what it sets out to do magnificently. You really do get value for your money. That matters a lot, when you have not got very much. So, along with all the rest, I went to Blackpool.

I have recently spent a few days and nights (in private houses) in these industrial towns of East Lancashire, and now I wish that I had explored them thoroughly when I had the opportunity and plenty of time to spare. Not, mind you, that I am now recommending them as holiday resorts. Starting at Stockport and motoring to Burnley, you are in a heavily built-up area for practically the whole of the way: so built-up that you cannot really tell where one town stops and the next begins. Only near Burnley do you get a suggestion of open country, so fleeting a suggestion that you are in the town before it has had time to register. Moreover, keeping to the main road, it is not merely built-up: it is quite unbelievably ugly. So ugly, in parts so grim, that it constitutes a challenge. It challenges you to stop, to look, to explore, to talk. And, when you do, it becomes almost exhilarating. All the time, you come to understand and appreciate Blackpool more and more.

You also come to realise that, although it is impossible for a stranger to tell where one town stops and the next begins, each of these towns has its own individuality. Each is an entity and there is, in the inhabitants of each, an immense parochial pride.

Perhaps Ashton-under-Lyne is an exception. I may have been unlucky, but I found it so. I could not find anyone (and I talked with a good many) who could tell me anything of the history of the place, and most of those with whom I talked seemed to be astonished that anyone should even think that it had a history. In fact, it has a history going back for several centuries. It is true that the motorist, driving through and probably losing his way (which is all too easy to do), does not get an impression of age: he gets an impression of industrial concentration. People work in Ashton: they "live," spiritually, in Manchester. None of the folk with whom I talked, men and women alike, seemed to think of the place as anything but a workshop. They thought about Manchester, half-an-hour away on the bus.

Oldham, on the other hand, is only seven miles from Manchester: and all joined on at that. But "Owdham," surely the most Lancashire of all Lancashire towns, does not think very much of Manchester. Oldham thinks a great deal of Oldham. There is an immense civic pride. You can see it exemplified in the really fine art gallery and in the schools: perhaps most of all in the Repertory Theatre Club with its enormous membership. Oldham is a cotton town, "the capital of cotton spinning," and it has, I suspect, a greater concentration of industry than Ashton-under-Lyne. Certainly, it can boast forests of tall chimneys—220 of them, I was told with pride—and there is any amount of smoke all over the place.

Though it has a workaday air, it has not the appearance of a workshop. It is bustling, noisy, crowded and very cheerful; even though cotton is once again in the doldrums. All the same, the very vital interest in the arts and the theatre comes as something of a surprise to the stranger. This is the town which produced Sir William Walton, and perhaps that was not just an accident. There is, however, an equally vigorous and traditional Lancashire interest in sport—local sport. Manchester, right on the doorstep, has two of the best professional football teams in the country. No Oldham soccer enthusiast would dream of watching either if Oldham (Third Division North) is at home.

Oldham is really a stronghold of Rugby League football. In any pub the conversation is certain to come round to one of three subjects—Rugby, whippets or pigeons—in next to no time. You are left in no doubt whatever that the best whippets and the best racing pigeons are to be found in Oldham; and if the Rugby side is not, just at the moment, the best in the country, that is only a temporary misfortune which will be set right at Wembley in May.

You find very much the same sort of thing in Rochdale, which is both a cotton and a woollen town. Here again there is an immense civic pride, which has given to the town one of the finest "town centres" in the North of England. But Rochdale is also refreshingly conscious and proud of its history. It was here, in 1844, that twenty-eight working men, known as "The Pioneers," founded the first Co-operative Society and started a movement which was to spread all over the country. I did not know this when I went to Rochdale. I knew it before I had been there very long, and was taken to Toad Lane—really T'owd (the old) Lane—and shown the very spot.

It was not very long before I was given, in considerable detail, the life story of John Bright, who was a Rochdale man. And this by a man selling newspapers on a street corner. Of course, you cannot go far without hearing about Gracie Fields. By and large, Rochdale is very anxious to talk about Gracie Fields; and who can blame them? They are also very anxious that you should not think that "Our Gracie" is their only contribution to the world of entertainment. I heard quite a lot about a comedian. I regret that I cannot tell you his name: it meant nothing to me at the time and I am sorry to say that I have now forgotten it. But Rochdale regards him as a world figure of only slightly less stature than Miss Fields. At least, that is what they imply to a foreigner.

From almost every street in Rochdale you can see the mountains. They seem to be just round the corner, and always there is a clean, fresh wind. Rochdale is a Pennine town. In Burnley the moors are never far away and in Todmorden the hills crowd in upon you. Oldham, like Rochdale, is built upon the Pennine foothills. But only in Rochdale do you have a constant sense of space and height.

To appreciate fully the contrasts that are ever present in this astonishingly varied district, you must climb up one of the heights outside Rochdale or Todmorden. The towns themselves are too full, too busy: you can only get a taste of them. It is too easy to be swamped by bricks; too easy, perhaps, to wonder how people can grow to love these chimney-crowded places. But climb Thievely Pike outside Rochdale, and you are above the valleys and the smoke. Down in the valleys there seems scarcely room for another telegraph post: up here is a wide empty world. Or stand on Stoodley Pike above Todmorden. Here you can see the deep narrow valleys, from Halifax, from Burnley, from Rochdale, that meet at Todmorden. Here you can look down on the mill chimneys, while all around you the moors range free beneath the vast dome of sky. Here you begin to realise what it is that has made Lancashire folk so stubborn, so independent and so friendly. At night, with the lights in the valleys, the reflected glare from some great chimney, you get from Stoodley Pike one of the most stirring views in the world.

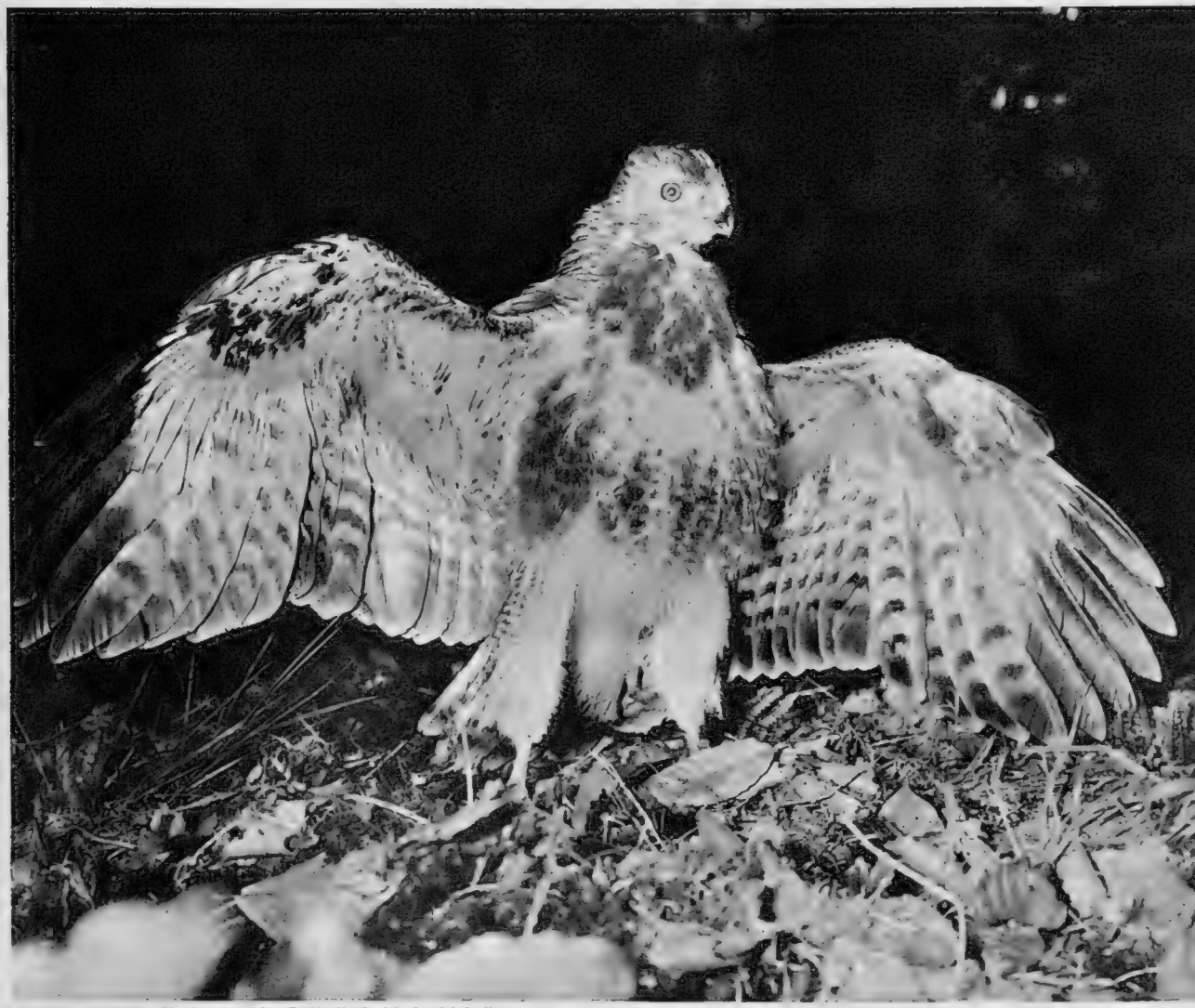
It makes you want to go back again. I must anyhow. I want to know the name of that comedian.

**HIGH AWAY FROM THE FACTORY SMOKE: The quiet Lancashire village of Barley in the Pendle Forest, is in marked contrast with the crowded industrial towns to be found elsewhere in the county. *On right*—A rear view of the post office at Todmorden shows the hills which surround the town. Todmorden, although it is officially in Yorkshire, is situated on the border of the two counties.**

THE BIRTH OF A BUZZARD: Slowly the shell cracks, as the tiny bird struggles to free itself. These pictures of a nest were taken in Denmark.

IN ITS EGG: A close-up of a buzzard breaking out of its egg. The curved bill is easily visible. A full-grown buzzard often has a 4-ft. wingspan.

READY TO TRY ITS WINGS: The half-grown buzzard prepares to make an attempt to fly for the first time as very unsteadily it stands up in the nest.



A RAPID CHANGE: No longer the fluffy little bird which first emerged from the egg, the baby buzzard is now ready to follow its parents and pounce on mice.

# A BIRD OF PREY

*New Pictures of the European Buzzard in its Natural Surroundings*

Buzzards form a group of birds which comes somewhere between eagles and hawks. There are some twenty species, ranging over a great area of the world. Only in Australasia and the Oceanic islands are they completely unknown. They have a rather small and weak bill which bends from the root, and is not notched as is the falcon's. The cere, which is the wax-like membrane at the base of the beak in which the nostrils are pierced, is bristly, and the portion of leg above the foot is unfeathered.

The buzzard cannot equal the eagle in courage or strength, being sluggish and inactive, moreover it is slow on the wing. But it often equals the eagle in size, the common buzzard usually measuring just under 4 ft. from wingtip to wingtip when fully outstretched. Sometimes it is seen in Britain, although much less now than it once was.

Many buzzards live in the woods and forests of Denmark, nesting in the forks of tree branches. The ones that live there in the summer usually go south to France for the winter, but others arrive from more northern countries to spend the winter in Denmark.

In appearance the birds vary a great deal. Some are white and some very dark, almost black. The call that the buzzard makes sounds rather like a cat's miaow. Certain ornithologists who have made a close study of the buzzard's cry believe that it is possible to tell when the bird is happy or cross.

Just as these birds differ in appearance so do they tend to have varying temperaments. Some are almost impossible to approach, while others show no fear of human beings and are quite friendly. Generally speaking, however, the buzzard is a shy bird, and very rarely attacks people.

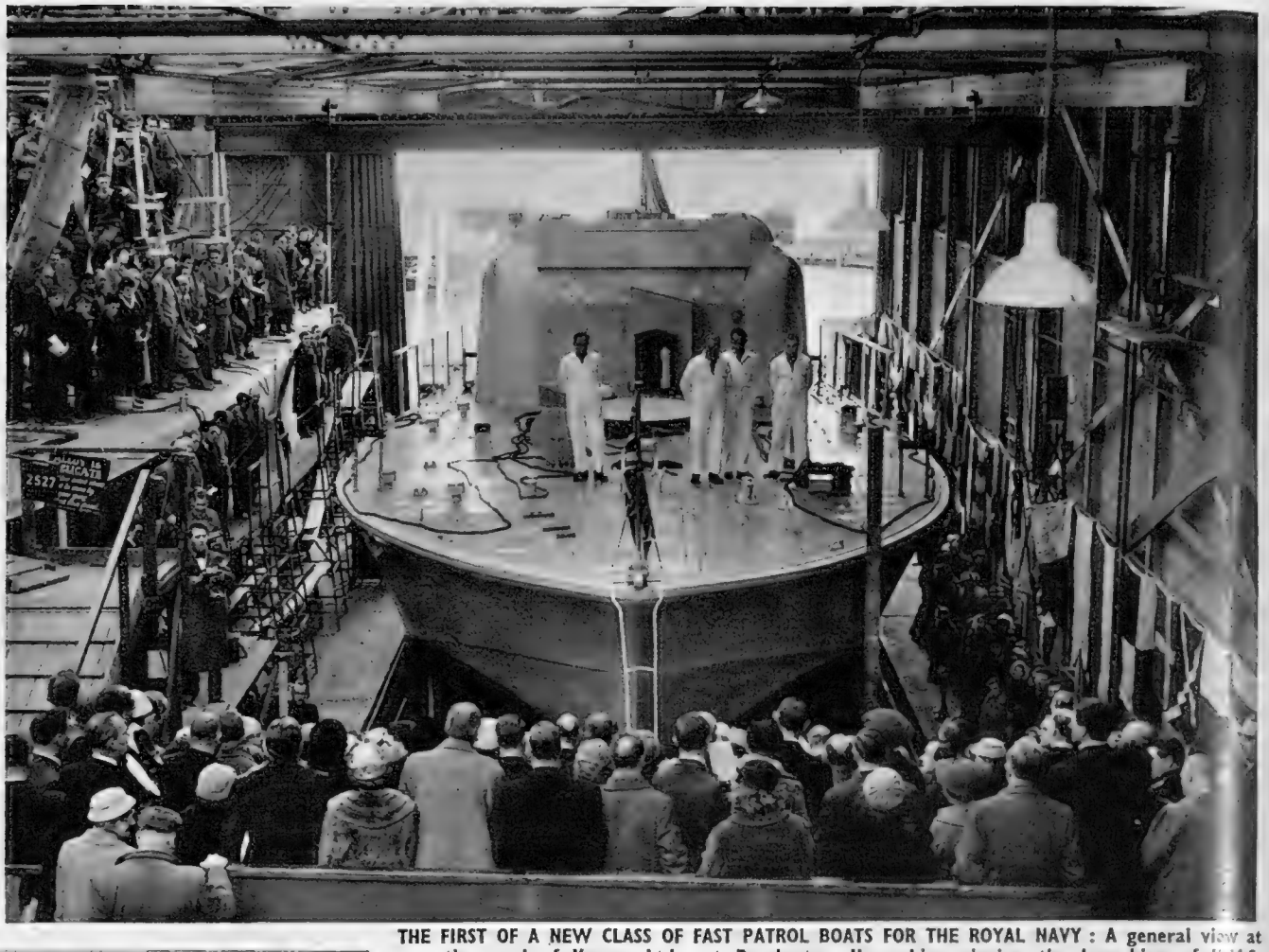
When the young birds are newly hatched, the hen stays in the nest as much as possible. When they are big enough to be left by themselves the mother joins the father to catch food for their ever-hungry mouths. One often hears that buzzards are always killing chickens, but in fact they hardly ever do. However, the bird is fond of stealing a dead chicken, which has been caught by a fox, and taking it back to its nest. Mainly the buzzard hunts mice, and in keeping them down performs a useful service.

*On left—*
THE FULL-GROWN BIRD IN FLIGHT: A buzzard peers down at the ground ready to strike. These birds usually hunt mice. Contrary to the widely-held belief, very rarely does a buzzard ever kill a chicken.

# SPEED ON THE WATER

*A New Fast Patrol Boat; Racing in Australian Waters; A Catamaran on the Thames*

H.M.S. *Brave Borderer*, which was launched last week at Porchester, in Hampshire, is the first vessel to be powered entirely by Bristol Marine Proteus gas turbine engines. No diesel or other reciprocating machinery is fitted. She is also the first of a new class of Fast Patrol Boats for the Royal Navy, being designed for offensive operations in coastal waters. In addition to her main power plant of Marine Proteus engines, each of which develops 3,500 h.p., the *Brave Borderer* is fitted with Rover gas turbines which drive 40-kilowatt generators to provide electric power. The Marine Proteus is basically the same as the Proteus engine which powers the Bristol Britannia airliner, although it operates at a much lower rating to ensure the long life required in naval service. *Brave Borderer* will be armed either with one 40-mm. Bofors gun and four 21-in. torpedoes, or two 21-in. torpedoes and a 3.3 (84 mm.) gun mounted in a stabilised turret. Her complement will be three officers and seventeen ratings.



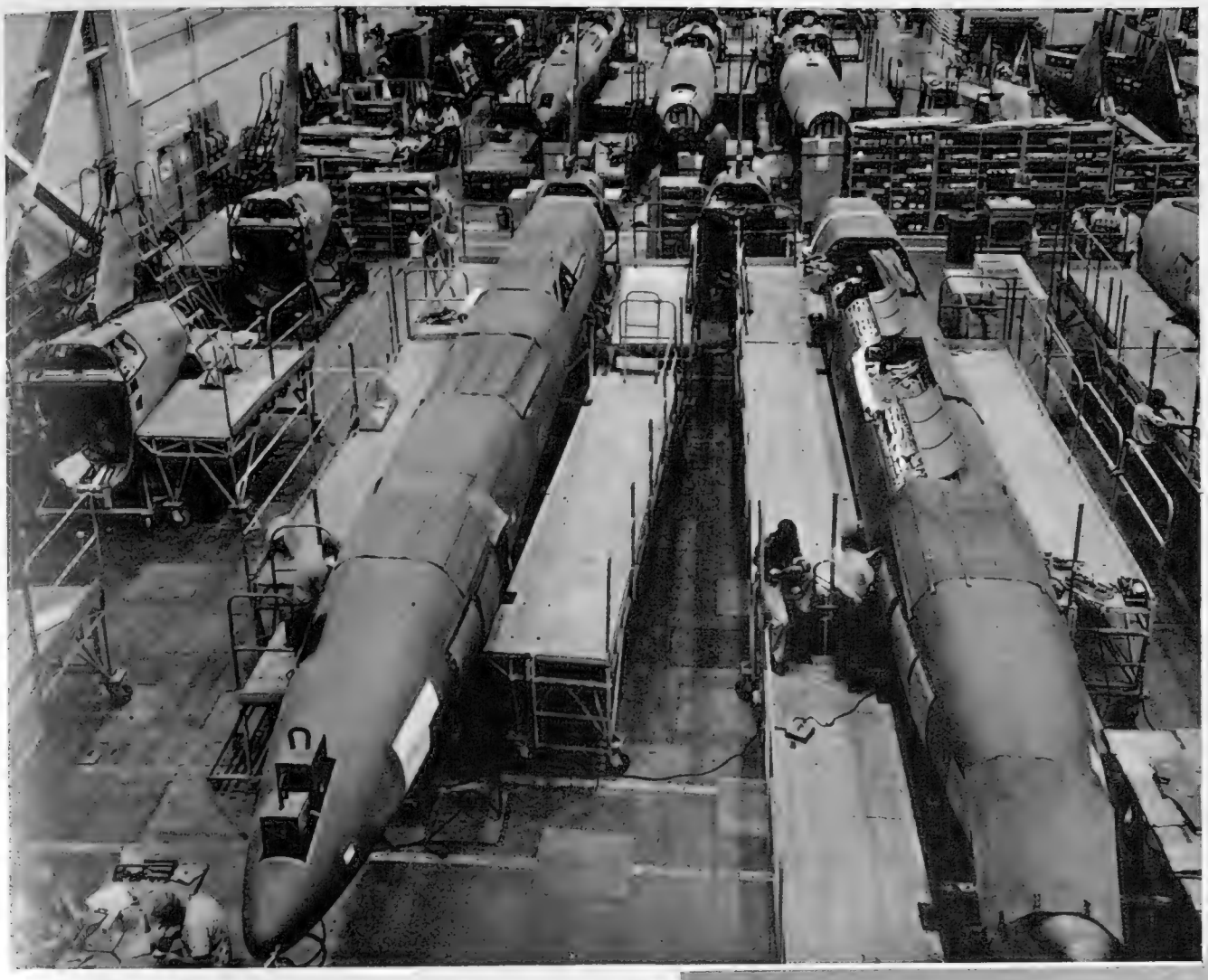
**THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF FAST PATROL BOATS FOR THE ROYAL NAVY : A general view at the yard of Vosper Ltd., at Porchester, Hampshire, during the launching of H.M.S. *Brave Borderer*. The ship was named by Lady Grantham, who is the wife of Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, Commander in Chief, Portsmouth. *On left*—The artist's impression shows how a Marine Proteus-powered Fast Patrol Boat might appear when in action.**

**A 680-MILE YACHT RACE : First across the line in the Sydney to Hobart yacht race around the south-east coast of Australia was this Sydney cutter, *Kurrewa IV*. It achieved a record for the race, completing the course in 3 days 18 hours 30 mins. and 39 secs. However, since it was a handicap contest, *Kurrewa IV* was placed fourth. The race was won by the 38-ft. Sydney cutter *Anitra*. Last year's winner, *Solo*, was second. There were twenty starters in this contest, which is considered to be one of the world's great yachting events.**

**AN £80 BOAT SETS SAIL ON THE THAMES : The *Bebe Cat*, a 14-ft. catamaran, sails out into midstream after being officially launched by Lord Brabazon of Tara at the Royal Festival Hall Pier in London. The twin-hulled boat was designed by Captain Erick J. Manners. It is so simple to construct that an amateur can build it at home with no carpentry experience, and using only seven basic tools. The total cost is only £80. The catamaran is a development of the canoes used for centuries by the Polynesians. The craft are fast and almost impossible to capsize. The launching was in connection with the National Boat Show.**

# ADVANCES IN THE AIR

*Inter-Continental Guided Missiles; a New Turbo-prop Airliner; Britain's Miniature Aircraft; and a Vertical Flight Simulator*



*On left*—**SNARKS IN PRODUCTION: This is the first picture to be released by the United States Air Force showing the production line for the inter-continental guided missile—the Northrop Aircraft Corporation's Snark. These missiles have a 5,000-mile range and have been assigned to operational duty with units of the U.S.A.F. Strategic Air Command.** On Wednesday of last week President Eisenhower made an emergency request to Congress for £450,000,000 in new funds to accelerate the development of missiles and expand United States air defences. He said the new money sought was intended to speed up the expansion of the Strategic Air Command; provide for development and procurement of long-range ballistic missiles, including construction of ballistic missile sites and ballistic missile submarines; provide for the establishment of a system of detection of enemy ballistic missiles, and extend air defence. The request also called for the transfer of about £39,000,000 in already appropriated money to the expansion of the United States missile programme and related defence projects.

**NEW UNITED STATES AIRLINER, COSTING £700,000, SHOWS ITS PACES: Preparing to start its Civil Aeronautics Administration certification programme, the new Lockheed Electra turbo-prop airliner is seen flying high over the ocean off the Southern Californian coast.** Powered by four General Motors Allison 501 turbine-and-propeller engines developing a total of 15,000 horse-power, the new airliner has a top speed of about 450 miles an hour. It has a wing-span of 99 ft., a fuselage length of over 100 ft., and is capable of accommodating up to between sixty-six and ninety-eight passengers. The aircraft was designed basically to perform economically in the 110-500-mile range, with profit-earning abilities extending up to 2,700 miles without refuelling.

*On left*—**A MINIATURE AIRCRAFT UNDERGOES ITS FIRST TRIAL FLIGHT AT CROYDON: Mr. Norman Jones, of Claygate, Surrey, is at the controls of his Turbulent baby-weight aircraft which is dwarfed by a Dakota. The 350-lb. aircraft has a wing-span of 20 ft. and is capable of cruising at 75 miles an hour. It is fitted with a 4-cylinder car engine. Although it is the first professionally-built Turbulent in Britain, many people are building their own at a cost of between £500 and £600.**

*Above*—**A NEW VERTICAL-FLIGHT SIMULATOR IN FRANCE: This is one of the first pictures of the new vertical-flight simulator which has been designed by SNECMA (French National Society for Aeronautical Research and Construction) and installed on a gyroscopic gantry. The unit, which has been put into use at SNECMA'S works at Paris, is used for perfecting the rocking-chair and cockpit installation of the future C.450 which, when constructed, will be fitted with a Zborowski annular-type wing.**

A MEDITERRANEAN SWORDFISH HUNT: It is sunrise, and the Bagnara fishermen push their boat out to sea in the still, fresh spring air. The best periods for swordfish hunting are the three months when the fish spawn near the coast for the rest of the year.

THE WATCHER ON THE SHOR a swordfish has been see to signal its presence t

# PURSUIT OF THE SWORDFISH

*Off the Bagnara Coast the Fishermen Catch the "Highwayman of the Seas"*

APPROACHING THE PREY: The lookout mounted on the mast in the centre of the boat guides his colleagues towards the swordfish. In the bows the harpooner gets ready to take his aim. The livelihood of the Bagnara community depends on the sharpness of his eye, and the steadiness of his hand. One of the Bagnara fishermen, who is now eighty-two years old, claims that he has been successful with the harpoon on more than 3,000 occasions. Such a man is a highly-respected member of the community.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH: The harpoon flies through the air as the fishing boat gets within range of the swordfish. *On right*—The aim was successful, the fish has been hit and is now pulled in to be lifted aboard by many hands.

The swordfish which, although usually 4 to 5 ft. long, can often measure as much as 12 to 15 ft., belongs to the teleost species. Its sword, which may be 3 ft. long, is formed from a compressed prolongation of the upper jaw and is strong enough to stab whales fatally. Certainly it is possible for it to pierce the planks of a boat, with consequent danger to life.

This very bellicose fish, considered to be the "highwayman of the seas," is common in the Mediterranean, but extremely difficult to catch. There is only one place in the world, apart from the coast of Florida, where swordfish are hunted methodically, and that is Bagnara, on the southern tip of Calabria, and by the Straits of Messina. Not far away are the famous rock and whirlpool of Scylla and Charybdis, the merciless terrors of the sailors of antiquity, including Æneas and Odysseus, who, according to legend, were successful in negotiating this double peril.

The 2,000 inhabitants of the six miles of rocky Bagnara coast live by hunting swordfish. The method of hunting is an arduous one. Since the fish can swim very fast and have enormous strength they can hardly ever be caught on the high seas. The best time to catch them is in the spring, when they are spawning. They pour into the straits and come very close to the coast in their search for calm water, moving quite slowly. If the weather is fine and clear they can be seen from special watchtowers, or *vedettas*, which have been built along the coast, as they swim very near the surface. The fishing boats have a lookout on the centre mast known as the *faleri*. The lookout on the *vedetta* signals to the *faleri* when a swordfish is sighted and the *faleri* steers the boat towards it.

It is now that speed counts. The fishermen have to row very fast, for the creature that they are hunting can move swiftly. When it has been reached there follows the important moment when the harpoon sails through the air and, if accurate, hits the fish. The men who are stationed on the *vedettas* know by the shouts which then come from the boat whether or not the catch is a good one.

The flesh of the swordfish is valued very highly, and in the three months from April to June the fishermen can earn three times as much as they can in the other nine months of the year. Since the fish is so valuable the skilled harpooner is treated with considerable respect by the fisherfolk. Should the day come when he is unfortunate enough to lose his aim and miss the fish his stock drops so completely that his fellow citizens will scarcely tolerate him. His wife, if he has one, will be too shamed to set foot outside the door of their home. For not just one man's pride depends on his skill at throwing the harpoon.

The livelihood of the whole community is completely dependent on him. One such man among the Bagnara fisherfolk is Roccantonio, who, at the age of eighty-two, can be considered to be the doyen of swordfish hunters of the Mediterranean. His proud boast is that during his lifetime he has succeeded more than 3,000 times with his harpoon, a record which will not be equalled for many years.

From the *vedetta*, or watchtower, The white flag is waved vigorously the fishermen out on the sea.

**FISHING CRAFT ON THE SHORE:** This view of the coast of Bagnara, at the southern tip of Calabria, on the Mediterranean, shows the little boats known as "ontri," with their lookout mast in the centre, drawn up on the beach. In the middle of the picture, fishing nets are spread out on the sand to dry in the sunshine.

**HAULED ABOARD:** The swordfish is laid across the boat and examined by the fishermen. Their catch has been a moderately good one, for this particular specimen weighs some 80 lb.

*On left—*

**A POOR CATCH:** On the day this picture was taken the haul consisted of only two comparatively small fish seen here being gutted by the womenfolk. Climatic conditions during the months of April to June affect the life of the inhabitants of Bagnara for a whole year, and fine weather is essential for a good catch.

*The Sphere of Travel*

# THE APPEAL OF SARDINIA AND ITS PEOPLE

*Traces of Many Civilisations are to be Found in the Speech, Customs, and Costumes of Sardinia*

By GORDON COOPER

THE enterprising holidaymaker is now discovering Sardinia, an island of quite outstanding interest and appeal. As my title indicates, I link this appeal of the land with its people, for they combine to offer an attraction which is unique of its kind in Europe.

From the time when Phœnician ships found in Sardinia a counterpart of their home ports, this island, west of the instep of the boot of Italy, has been overrun by one race after another. Three continents have left their impress on the life and features of the people. The character of the Sardinians has, in fact, been subject to a thousand diverse influences and is thus quite different, not only from the Italian mainland but from any other part of the Mediterranean. At the same time there is no uniformity in the effects of these outside influences, for the mountains, which occupy much of the land, have so segregated the various districts that to this day each village has a flavour of its own.

Sardinia, fortunately, still remains largely unspoiled, due mainly to its neglect by travellers in the past. This omission was almost entirely caused by the curse of malaria which lay heavy on the island, and as a result, transportation facilities were poor, accommodation in the inns mediocre, and even public security dubious. It was a land best suited to the adventurer.

Now all is changed. Sardinia has entirely eradicated its mosquitoes, malaria has completely disappeared, the children are very healthy. The rail and bus services, too, have been vastly improved, and the main roads are in first-class condition. Tourist hotels are available in all the main centres, and there is an ever-increasing provision of adequate accommodation away from the beaten track. (At the same time be prepared to make allowances for minor defects on occasion.) Incidentally, there is not the slightest fear that "bandits" will be encountered. This may, of course, disappoint some young adventurers! Nor are the Sardinians a grasping race to strangers; in fact, just the opposite, for they offer a quite astounding hospitality to foreigners, who will find a genuine, uncommercial welcome on all sides.

Where to go? For those who like to laze at a seaside resort, Alghero comes first to mind, for it is the best equipped with hotel accommodation, and it is close to an airport; but its beach is some distance from the town. For those who prefer, however, to get away from the company of their compatriots when on holiday, there is the Hotel El Faro, some miles north of Alghero and wonderfully placed. Then I can recommend Carloforte, the tiny capital of the island of San Pietro, which is easily reached from the Sardinian mainland and where there are three new hotels, a fine youth hostel, and a gloriously situated camping site. Twenty miles south of Cagliari is the attractive Hotel Is Morus, with a fine beach at its door. The port of La Maddalena, on the island of the same name, has a couple of pleasant hotels, with an emphasis in their cuisine on lobsters. But for the real escapist, my preferences are for the rather remote Cala Gonone (Nuoro province) and S. Teresa Gallura which lies on the northernmost tip of Sardinia. Both places, by the way, offer adequate hotel accommodation.

If you want a holiday in the mountains, then there are pleasant hotels at Ortobena (Nuoro prov.) and on Monte Limbara, not far from Tempio (Sassari prov.). There are others, including new constructions, and information regarding them can be obtained from the provincial tourist offices at Sassari and Nuoro.

Cagliari, Sassari and Nuoro are the capitals of the three provinces into which Sardinia is divided. Frankly none of these towns is of much interest in itself, although each is a useful base from which to explore the surrounding countryside.

From the sea Cagliari presents a striking appearance while from its terraces there are extensive and magnificent views. There are also some interesting Roman and medieval monuments, and a museum of considerable importance. D. H. Lawrence wrote in *Sea and Sardinia* that Cagliari was "strange and stony and had corkscrew streets"—an excellent tabloid description.

Of Sassari, the second largest town, Baedeker remarked many years ago that it was "dull but clean." The second criticism still holds, yet, as a centre, it is a useful one from which to make excursions, while within easy reach are some of the finest examples of the *nuraghe* and Pisan churches.

**REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY: A reminder of the Bronze Age is the *nuraghe* village at Barumini, in the Sardinian province of Sassari. Some 3,000 prehistoric buildings still stand**

## CRUISING HOLIDAYS AND NEWS FROM FRANCE

The Union Castle Line have sprung a welcome surprise by announcing two ten-day Mediterranean cruises by the s.s. *Rhodesia Castle*, a handsome 17,000-ton vessel which they have been able to release from their round-Africa service. The first leaves London on July 16 and the second, from Southampton, on July 28. Calls are made at Malaga, for a day on the Costa del Sol; at Gibraltar, where sightseeing for tourists has been considerably extended in recent years; at Casablanca, that up-to-date Atlantic seaboard city of the new Moroccan kingdom, and at Lisbon, where there is time to visit Estoril.

The s.s. *Rhodesia Castle* has the supreme virtue of being a one-class ship, a delight which everyone paying the minimum fare will appreciate. Prices range from £70 per berth in a two-berth cabin on the lowest deck, to an outer single-berth cabin with private bathroom for £120. Sports and entertainments will be arranged, together with a considerable programme of optional excursions. If you are interested, do see your travel agent as soon as possible. Although a thousand berths are available, it is almost certain that these cruises will be sold out within a few weeks. Nothing quite so attractive has been announced for some time.

It is good to see that British Waterways are continuing the enterprise they showed last year by running a series of canal cruises by the luxury motor-vessel *Water Rambler* from Oxford to Birmingham and also in the reverse direction. You do not sleep on board. Stops for the night are made at Banbury, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, where you are accommodated in comfortable hotels. The *Water Rambler* is rather like a motor-coach on water. With luxurious seating and wide observation windows, the leisurely progress through some of Britain's loveliest countryside is enhanced by shore excursions by coach to places like Sulgrave Manor, Warwick Castle and, of course, Stratford-on-Avon. There are a number of departures in both directions from May to September and the inclusive charge for this Sunday to Friday cruise is £27 10s.

Food in Paris has been a problem with budget-minded visitors. To obtain a meal under a thousand francs has either required local knowledge or a good deal of exploration. It is interesting to read, therefore, that thirty self-service restaurants are now open where there is no cover charge and where tipping is forbidden. Main courses range from 140 to 250 francs, and a quarter bottle of red wine only costs 50 francs. Look out for the sign which says "Libre Service." You will also find these cafeterias in the big stores.

From January 6 French railway fares have been increased as well as supplements on certain express trains. The price of couchettes, however, remains the same. A hundred kilometres will cost about a shilling more by second-class and about three shillings more by first-class. W. D. C. C.

**A SARDINIAN SEASIDE RESORT: Alghero, on the western coast hotel accommodation. Its main disadvantage is that However, there are few places which will give a be**

It is, however, the little mountain-town f Nuoro that offers best the real Sardinian nvironment, not least because in some of e nearby villages you can still see on undays some of the finest folk costumes Europe. These costumes vary from llage to village, but most are riots of blue, arlet, orange, green, and all the shades at go between. Handed down from eneration to generation, these dresses are ften elaborately embellished with em-roidery, gold lace and brocade, and gold nd silver buttons. They have, indeed, e significance of heirlooms. The men's aditional dress, when worn, is drab in mparison.

The best villages in which to see these stumes—around church-time on Sundays nd feast-days is the time to be there—re Desulo, Oliena, Orgusolo and Dongali the province of Nuoro, and Osilo and tiri in the province of Sassari. But even ore spectacular are two annual gather-gs: the Sardinian Cavalcade held in assari on Ascension Day, when repre-ntatives from over fifty centres of the land meet there, dressed in their special stumes; and a similar kind of display eld in Nuoro on the occasion of the east of the Redeemer (August).

Each village of Sardinia has its own nnual feast-day, with special celebrations hich are colourful and interesting. he most famous of these events is at which takes place in Cagliari dur-g the first week in May. It is held commemorate Saint Efiseo, an officer the Roman army of Diocletian, who ecame converted to Christianity and, consequence, was beheaded at Pula, small town ten miles from Cagliari.

This festival centres on a procession in which a wooden ffigy of the saint is placed in a casket hung with ennons and votive offerings, and then placed on a cart rawn by a span of selected black oxen, which have ranges placed on the tips of their horns. They are also ecorated with bells and coloured paper adornments. he procession proceeds slowly to Pula, accompanied by housands of Sards, including important functionaries. here are mounted men in the escort, clad in special eremonial costumes; and there are dozens of musicians o add gaiety to the proceedings.

During the journey, a halt is made half-way and an mpromptu camp formed for a night, throughout which here is jollification and revelry. The next day the festival hurch is reached and Masses are said in the presence of multitude who afterwards continue with their wining nd feasting. Thus it is not until the fourth afternoon hat the cortège re-enters Cagliari, with as much pomp s it left the city. The arrival is timed for after dark, so that the effigy is illuminated, and there are thousands of torches borne by the crowd, who, singing in unison, create a remarkable effect.

Sardinian music is characteristic: not quick and vivacious as one might expect, but monotonous and slow, resembling very much the music of North Africa, whence it was, indeed, originally derived. Often a long song will be sung to one phrase of a melody, like a sorrowful chant. The accordion is a favourite musical instrument, and in the villages on Sundays and on *festas* the inhabitants congregate in the main square and dance to its music. The men and women form a circle, dancing slowly backwards and forwards, some of the younger men adding more complicated steps and occasionally breaking away from the circle so as to dance with a particular girl. But there is nothing sensational in their steps, the whole effect being dignified and staid.

**A SARDINIAN PANORAMA: The small town of Carloforte, on the island of San Pietro, off the south-west coast of Sardinia, remains in character a pure Genoese colony. *Below*—A stretch of main road between Cagliari and Muravera is typical of the excellent main roads across the island. Secondary roads, however, are untarred, and consequently are dusty in summer and quagmires in winter.**

**ardinia, is the best equipped among the resorts for each is situated some distance away from the town. ntroduction to the customs and people of the island.**

The language of Sardinia, too, is different from the mainland of Italy. This is undoubtedly due to the influence of various past invaders. For instance, in many parts of the island Latin is the common tongue, just as it was 2,000 years ago. I found it strange, in fact, to be recalling my schoolboy lessons! To give just one example: the word *Est* is used for "he is" in place of the standard Italian "Egli e." At the same time Italian is taught in the schools and is understood and can be spoken by all Sards.

Local linguistic variations also serve to recall past historical events. Thus in Alghero, the inhabitants speak pure Catalan, inherited from former Spanish settlers; in La Maddalena, the tongue is a Corsican dialect, mingled with Genoese words; but most interesting of all, is the pure Genoese of medieval times which is still heard in Carloforte.

Among the remains of antiquity, the most unusual are the *nuraghe*, those prehistoric buildings which have defied time and weather for more than 2,000 years, and demonstrate that their Bronze Age builders were no mere savages. There are about 3,000 of them still standing, and they are scattered all over the countryside. In addition, there are *nuraghe* villages, an outstanding example being the one at Barumini (Province of Sassari).

There are not many Roman remains: a bridge at Porto Torres (near Sassari) and some fine excavations at Nora, not far from Sassari. Mention must also be made of the Pisan churches, with their typical design—an outstanding example being the church of Saccargia, not far from Sassari.

All in all, Sardinia is a rewarding island for a holiday, and it can be easily reached either by air or by sea-links with the mainland. It is a land I have visited twice and can recommend to those wishing to get away from the beaten holiday track.

## USEFUL ADDRESSES

*Italian State Tourist Department, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1.*
*C.I.T., 10, Charles II Street, S.W.1.*
*Erna Low Travel Service Ltd., 47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.*
*Horizon Holidays Ltd., 17, Hanover Street, W.1.*

## SHORT CRUISES

The National Tourist Organisation of Greece is again arranging for five-day cruises by the m.v. *Serimamis* to the Ægean Islands, visiting Heraklion (Crete), Rhodes, Kos, Patmos, Delos and Mykonos, the port of embarkation and return being Piræus. There are also a number of two-day week-end cruises to various islands and to Mount Athos (four occasions). Further particulars can be obtained from Oceanways Ltd., 23, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

# THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CIRCUS

*The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne Pay their First Visit to the "Greatest Show on Earth"*

**"IT HAS ALL BEEN SUCH FUN": This was the comment of the Queen, smiling radiantly, as she left the arena after taking Prince Charles and Princess Anne to an afternoon performance of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. The visit, a surprise one, was the children's first attendance at a circus.**

**INSIDE THE "BIG TOP": The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, smile at the antics of the clowns at Bertram Mills Circus. The afternoon visit was a private one and it was some minutes after the Royal party had reached their box before their presence was noted and cheers and applause broke out. The Royal party, together with children of members of the Royal Household, remained at the circus for two hours. During the interval, they went round the menagerie seeing the animals. Earlier in the day the Queen and her children, accompanied by the Queen Mother and Prince Michael of Kent, had travelled by train from Sandringham to London. Prince Philip made the journey by car. In the evening, the Queen and the Duke attended the twenty-first birthday party of Princess Alexandra, at Kensington Palace.**

*On left*—**THROUGH THE FUNFAIR: The Royal visitors, accompanied by Mr. Cyril Mills, left foreground, and Mr. Bernard Mills, extreme right, pass the dodgem cars as they leave the circus arena.**

*Above*—**VISITING THE ANIMALS' QUARTERS: The Queen and Princess Anne look at the horses during a tour behind-scenes. Her Majesty is wearing a fur coat and a coral pink frock with a hat to match.**

# WINTER WEATHER

*Contrasts in the Fourth and Coldest Season of the Year*

**AN IRISH COAL BOAT BLOWN AGROUND ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST DURING A GALE: The 743-ton Belfast coaster *Ballyhalbert* lies high and dry on the rocks on the beach between Ardrossan and West Kilbride after being driven ashore by a gale-force wind which swept the Firth of Clyde.** The collier, with a crew of eleven aboard, ran into trouble as she neared the Scottish coast. Gales forced her to seek shelter in Whiting Bay, but she dragged her anchor and ran aground two miles north of Ardrossan Harbour. The captain and crew were able to walk ashore. During an attempt to refloat *Ballyhalbert* the tug *Cruiser* fouled her propeller and ran aground herself. Another tug, *Thunderer*, was sent out from Greenock Dockyard to free the rescue ship.

**"GHOST SHIP": The bows of the vessel *Theresia Russ* are coated with thick icicles as she lies in Helsinki Harbour, in Finland. A hard freeze-up had spread throughout the Finnish capital.**

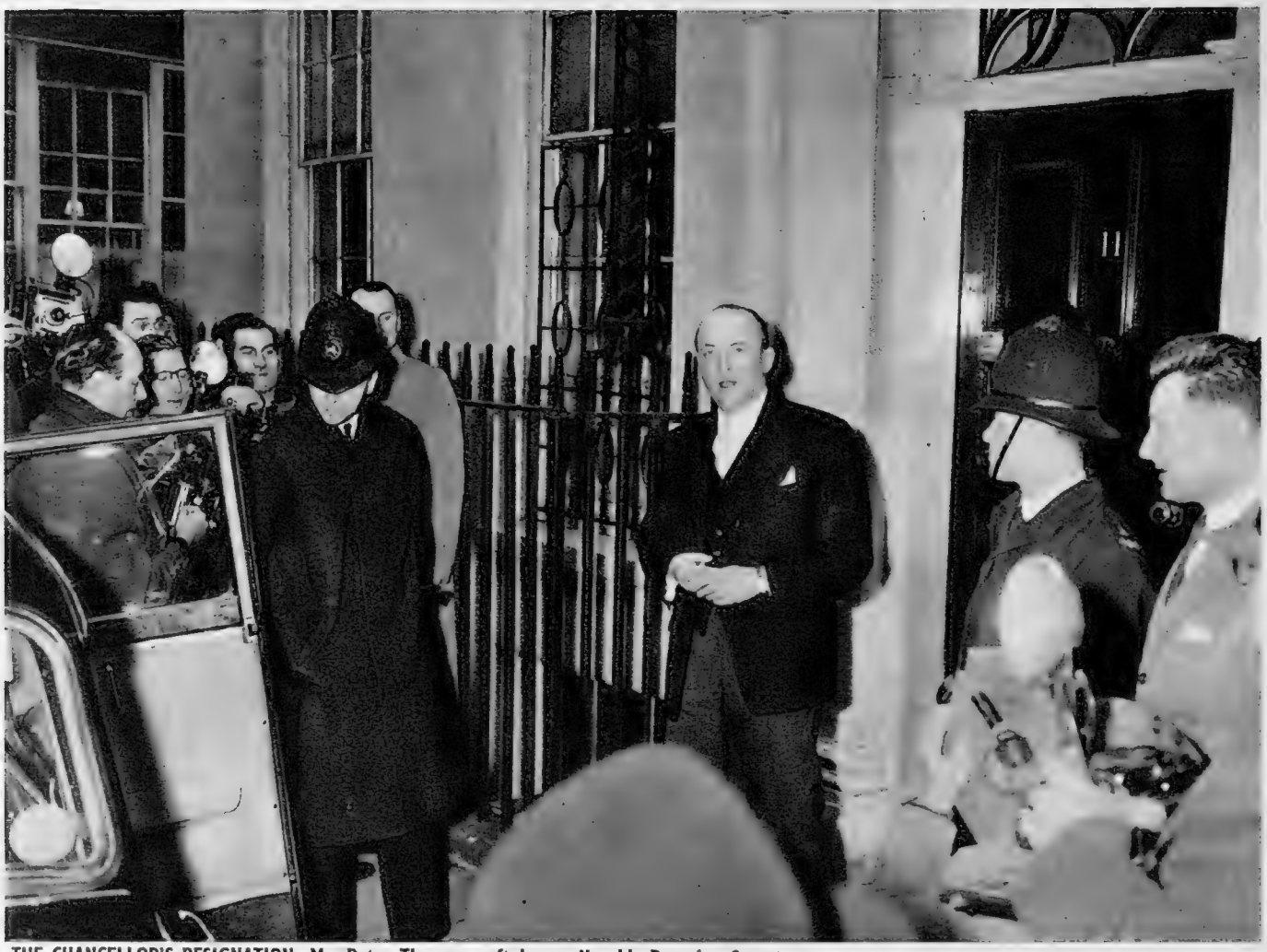
*Below—*

**THE NIAGARA FALLS WEAR A WINTER COAT OF ICE: This picture, taken at the foot of the 167-ft.-high American Fall, shows the Niagara Falls with a winter coat of ice which is formed by the freezing spray thrown up by the cataract. The ice on the rails is 4 ins. thick. The famous Falls, which are on the lower portion of the Niagara River, in North America, are visited by many sightseers during both the summer and winter months.**

**A SUBMARINE AGROUND AT THE ENTRANCE TO A LOCH: The 1,090-ton submarine *Taciturn* is seen aground on a shingle bank about 50 yards from the entrance to Campbeltown Loch, in Argyllshire, after dragging her anchor in a gale. First attempts to refloat the submarine were unsuccessful because of the rough sea. Later, however, she was refloated with aid from the Admiralty tug *Saucy* and the target ship *Kingfisher*.**

*On left—*

**SEVERE FLOODING IN ITALY: One of the streets in Marina Di Pisa, a coast resort about five miles from the City of Pisa, was transformed into a canal as a result of heavy floods throughout the area.**



THE CHANCELLOR'S RESIGNATION: Mr. Peter Thorneycroft leaves No. 11, Downing Street, to deliver up his seals of office. He resigned after a disagreement over the Estimates for next year. He was not prepared to approve an amount of excess expenditure of £50,000,000.

# CRISIS IN THE CABINET

*Mr. Thorneycroft's Resignation on the Eve of the Prime Minister's Departure*

On January 7, the day before Mr. Macmillan left London on his tour of the Commonwealth, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, resigned from office following a disagreement on the Estimates for the coming year. In a letter to the Prime Minister, Mr. Thorneycroft said that he was not prepared to approve Estimates for next year at a total higher than the sum that will be spent this year. He went on: "It is clear that in this proposal I do not have your support or that of our colleagues.... Resignation is the only course open to me."

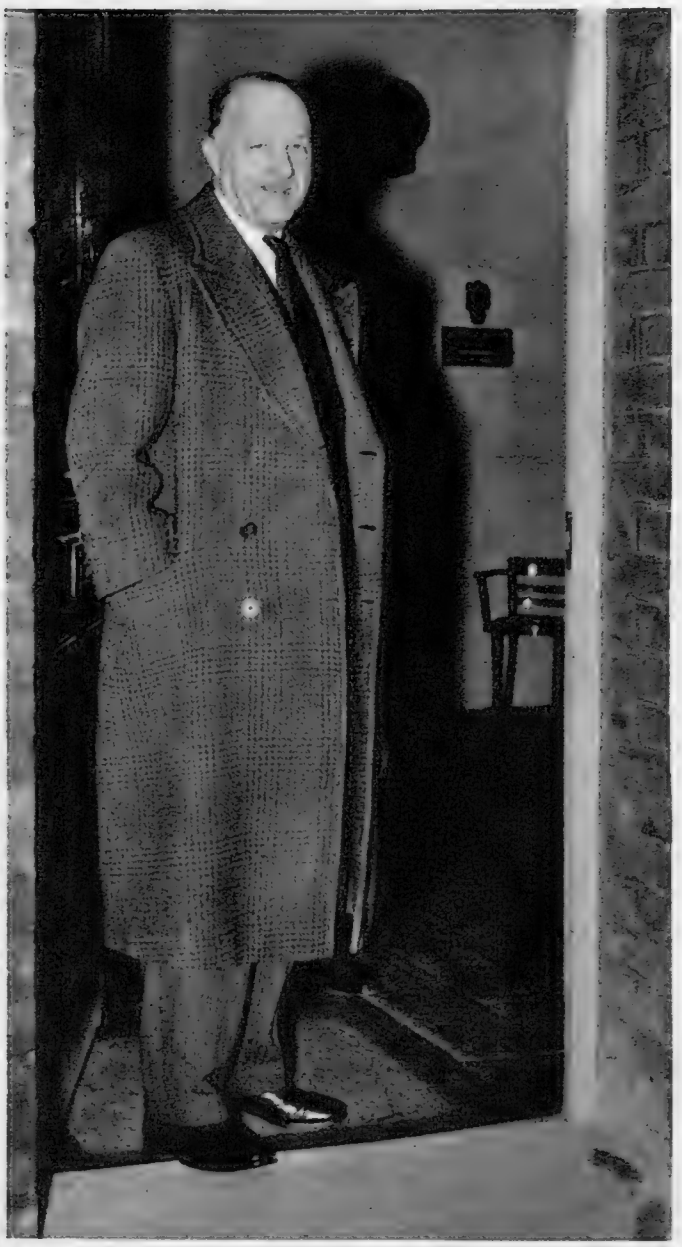
Mr. Enoch Powell, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Nigel Birch, Economic Secretary, resigned at the same time. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory, was formerly the Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Mr. John Hare has left the War Ministry and taken over the Ministry of Agriculture, and Mr. Christopher Soames, formerly Financial and Parliamentary Secretary, Admiralty, is now Minister of War. Mr. J. E. S. Simon, Q.C., is the new Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and the Paymaster-General, Mr. Reginald Maudling, will assist the new Chancellor on economic matters.

MR. ENOCH POWELL: The Finan... Secretary to the Treasury also resig... at the same time as Mr. Thorneycr... Mr. Powell's successor is Mr. J. E. ... Simon, Q.C., formerly Joint Par... mentary Under-Secretary, Home Of...

MR. NIGEL BIRCH: Another of Mr. Thorne... croft's aides, Mr. Birch, the Econom... Secretary, resigned. No successor h... been announced, but Mr. Regina... Maudling is advising the Chancellor ... the whole range of economic matte...

THE NEW MINISTERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE: Mr. John Hare, the former Minister ... War, and now Minister of Agriculture, leaves for Buckingham Palace to receive h... seals of office. *On left*—The new War Minister, Mr. Christopher Soames, waves as h... steps into the car. The Queen has approved that he be made a Privy Counsello...

THE NEW CHANCELLOR: Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory, who has succeeded Mr. Thorneycroft as Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaves No. 10, Downing Street after receiving his appointment from the Prime Minister. He was Minister of Agriculture.



IN THE ABSENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER: Mr. R. A. Butler, Home Secretary, Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, arrives at No. 12, Downing Street after seeing off the Prime Minister. Mr. Butler presides over the Cabinet during Mr. Macmillan's absence.

. REGINALD MAUDLING: The Pay-naster-General will assist Mr. Heath-coat Amory over the whole range of economic matters, besides having his own duties with European Free Trade.

. J. E. S. SIMON, Q.C.: The former oint Parliamentary Under-Secretary t the Home Office has now been ppointed Financial Secretary to the reasury in place of Mr. Enoch Powell.

THE FAREWELL GROUP AT MR. MACMILLAN'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON AIRPORT: Waving good-bye are, left to right, Lord Home, Mr. Heath, the Chief Whip, Lord Kilmuir, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Mr. R. A. Butler and Lord Hailsham. The Prime Minister on the day following the resignations began his goodwill tour of the Commonwealth, accompanied by Lady Dorothy Macmillan. Their route will take them 32,000 miles in a special aircraft through five Commonwealth countries to which the Prime Ministers have invited them. Mr. Macmillan is due to return on February 14.

*The World of Books*

# A SOUTH-AMERICAN CHILDHOOD

*A New Volume of Essays and Talks by "The Incomparable Max"; Mr. Amis' Third Novel; Books from America, Europe and Australia*

THE single volume of autobiography which I have read this week may, without exaggeration, be called enchanting. CHILD IN CHILE (André Deutsch. 15s.) is Miss Bea Howe's story of her life in the first decades of the century in that country which she describes with a lyrical simplicity and brings so close to the reader, in all its scents and sights, its food, its hills and its houses, its friendly people and its faraway customs. Whether in Valparaiso, seeing the lighthouse beam sweep across the great bay crowded with fishing boats and full-rigged schooners, with oceangoing liners standing out to sea, or in the country house at a place which the child rightly translated as "Look-at-the-Flowers," the author gives us the benefit of her long memory and her affectionate recollections.

MAINLY ON THE AIR (Heinemann. 21s.) is a new and enlarged collection of broadcast talks and essays by the late—and inimitable—Max Beerbohm. Reading these pages one is reminded, all over again, of that soft, slightly weary, exquisitely audible voice that one heard over the radio, and of that smiling, sharp and unmalicious wit that informed both the words he spoke and the words he wrote. Of the nine new pieces that are included, the briefest and the most tender is Sir Max's tribute to Marie Lloyd and another gem amongst these additions is his Rede Lecture, given in 1943, on Lytton Strachey. All in all, a small treasure-house of a book.

THE APOTHECARY'S SHOP (Secker and Warburg. 21s.) contains fifteen essays on literature by Mr. D. J. Enright, both a distinguished critic and a traveller, who has written here on subjects as contrasted as Thomas Mann and Ben Jonson; on T. S. Eliot and Rilke. I greatly enjoyed the chapter on Franz Werfel and *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (once irreverently known as *Forty Ways of Amusing a Dog*), but perhaps Mr. Enright shows the quality of his mind and the breadth of his literary interests most clearly in the opening essay on *Criticism for Criticism's Sake*. Everyone will make their own choice but there can be no question that this is an intellectually stimulating book.

The richness of choice among the newly published novels continues to be a joy although, in their subject matter, some of them tend not so much to the sordid as to the downright depressing. FATHER AND DAUGHTER (Hutchinson. 15s.), for instance, is well enough written and soundly enough constructed to be a typical product of Miss Norah Hoult's talents but this story of a bitterly hard childhood in Belfast and Dublin is not calculated to raise the reader's spirits by so much as a degree. A self-indulgent actor father and a harshly-spoken, indomitable mother are the parents of two little girls torn between their loyalties to one or the other and the story follows some years in the family's struggle for survival, bound together by their religion and their basic need of each other, but nearly succumbing time and time again to the effects of their dreadful poverty. Many of the settings and, indeed, many of the scenes have an authentic air but there is little comfort for the reader who likes a note of cheer.

WINTER (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) plays an even more sombre tune in spite of its piping note of hope at the very end. Mr. Geoffrey Horne has written about an unhappy man, a bus conductor in a grim Midlands town, whose home life is made into a squalid hell by the nagging and sluttishness of his wife. He runs away from her and from the young son whom he loves, and starts another life with an affectionate, house-proud woman who eventually persuades him to steal his son away and make their little home a place of real happiness. There follows the murder of his wife, his discovery of it and his conviction that he will be the prime suspect. Finally he drowns himself from a pier as the woman and the boy hold back a policeman only set on rescuing him. It is hardly necessary to emphasise the melancholy nature of all this but it must be said that Mr. Horne writes with real force and I just hope that he sets his sights on something a little more heartening next time.

For a complete contrast there is Mr. Kingsley Amis's third novel, I LIKE IT HERE (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), which is quite as vigorous and, in its way, as deeply preoccupied with the problems of men and women and households, but often inspired by a kind of explosive funniness and none the less profound for being expressed in many instances through positively flippant conversations. Mr. Amis can be very amusing indeed, as we know, and the passages in which his hero (for want of a more exact term) communes with himself, are quite as funny as anything in *Lucky Jim*. One considerable change for the better in this new novel is that some of the characters are quite prepossessing, whether physically or by their natures and that is an improvement to applaud. *Not* every single person is actuated by motives of greed or self-interest, *not* everybody lacks a spark of genuine friendliness and *not* everybody is 100 per cent. traitorous. Some of them are, of course, but I repeat, not all!

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW (Hutchinson. 15s.), by Mr. R. H. Mottram of *Spanish Farm* fame, is set in the writer's familiar creation of Easthampton, a city that has, to put it mildly, a great deal in common with Mr. Mottram's own Norwich. The theme is that of a professional writer telling what he knows of a man whom he has thought to know very well but who, on the writer's putting pen to paper, becomes a far more complex and devious subject than was ever suspected. An interesting *tour de force* in the amiable style that has become pleasantly familiar.

**A NEW BALLET AT MONTE CARLO: Jean Cocteau, the French author and playwright and member of the Academy, congratulates the young novelist Françoise Sagan after the world premiere of the ballet *Le Rendez-vous Manque* at the Monte Carlo Opera House. The ballet was written by Mlle. Sagan while she was recovering from a motor accident early last year. The leading dancers in the ballet are Toni Lander, of the London Festival Ballet, and Vladimir Skouratoff. It will shortly be performed in London at the Dominion Theatre.**

MRS. WINTERTON'S REBELLION (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) might be a pretty mild affair compared with such exploits as Jack Cade's but, within its rigorou domestic frame, it is the story of one middle-aged wom spirited attempt at emancipation of a kind. Joan De writes with much of the cosiness of one describing a re family but with good sense as well and the little saga some very human, even recognisable moments.

The next group of novels come from America, Eur and Australia and, in their extremely different ways, h a lot to recommend them. THE LORELEI (Coll 13s. 6d.) is by Mr. Lawrence Bachmann, a New Yo Hollywood and London writer who also knows Germany well and has here written a story of the bar that ply up and down the Rhine through Holland, Germa and Switzerland. The period is the post-war one, story agreeably told though with perhaps less tension th the author intended, but the aspect of it which m readers will, I think, find quite fascinating is the techni detail of the lives of the barge people, their surprisin roomy quarters and their highly specialised navigation.

CERTAIN WOMEN (Heinemann. 15s.) is not much a novel as a series of seven *contes*, each dealing w a different woman but with the same little mid-Americ town in which they all live. By the end of the book, fact, it is the town itself which appears most clearly in t imagination. Mr. Erskine Caldwell writes with his us candour about human foibles and, as usual, his work immensely readable though not always suitable for wh is called in the film world a "U" certificate.

CALL ME WHEN THE CROSS TURNS OV (Angus and Robertson. 13s. 6d.) is a book which Australian in authorship, in setting and in inspiration, one could expect from the man who wrote that rough haunting story, *The Shiralee*. There is no religio significance in the title which refers to the Southern Cro wheeling across the sky above the cattle drovers in t outback and by its apparent movement controlling t length of their night watches. Mr. D'Arcy Niland's st is about a woman who has grown up in a virtual wilderne and meets the shock of an elementary form of civilisati when she first comes, at the age of twenty, to the d mining towns, to wheat and wine districts or to the dense populated communities of the opal fields. The idiom tough, the pace fast and, most important of all, on eve page is the imprint of a real Australian place, a re Australian person.

THE GRANDSON (Bles. 15s.) is a sequel, though self-contained one, to Miss Susan Gillespie's earlier boo *The Martyr*, about the founding of an Australian fam in the mid-nineteenth century. The new book continu the chronicle with the same satisfying ease and authentic and shows another facet of Australia in the placid, manic life of Melbourne. Good atmosphere, too, if fewer sho tactics.

From France comes a novel of distinction. Th KEYS OF ST. PETER (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) by M. Roger Peyrefitte. It is a book which has h an immense success in Europe and is here translat from the French by Mr. Edward Hyams with a subtl worthy of the original. The story, which has been cal funny, outrageous, scandalous and many other thin concerns a young and naïve French seminarist who com to Rome to the household of a worldly prince of t Church, to begin his personal search for truth a instruction. What he learns of sense and of immen cynicism fills this long and closely written book a provides its surprising final scene.

Vernon Fane

## THE PIONEER OF MODERN SKI-ING

*Gerard Fairlie's Remarkable Biography of Hannes Schneider*

Sondre Norheim, a native of Morgedal, in Telmark, 200 miles from Oslo, is generally regarded as the father of modern ski-ing. He died in 1897, having demonstrated to the world that here was a sport to challenge the best. Seven years before Norheim died Hannes Schneider was born, and it was this equally remarkable character who carried on the torch, lighting in a new generation an enthusiasm for ski-ing which, in the nineteenth century, had in many quarters been regarded as a pastime for amiable idiots.

Hannes Schneider will not only be remembered as the perfector of a new ski-ing technique and of a practical method of instruction, who made ski-ing both faster and safer, but also as a remarkable personality. Gerard Fairlie, and who better to do the job, a man of adventure writing about a fellow spirit, has written a first-rate biography of Schneider. He calls it FLIGHT WITHOUT WINGS (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) and covers Schneider's career not only in the realms of sport, but as a trainer of Austrian mountain troops in the First World War and of United States mountain troops in the Second World War. Schneider was a man who stood no nonsense from anyone, dictators, cabinet ministers, or generals. He was a stern disciplinarian, direct in all his dealings and yet humble in himself and ever ready to learn from the circumstances of daily life. One cannot escape the thought that Mr. Fairlie set out in this biography to portray a sporting personality of the first order, and found long before he had reached journey's end that in Schneider he was writing about a rich, rare and many-sided character. The author has beyond doubt succeeded admirably in this volume, in a measure perhaps because it was a subject so very much after his own heart.

Readers of Leonard von Matt's pictorial biograph a careful blending of ancient pictures and mod photographic records allied to a lively and intelli text, will welcome his latest life of ST. DOMI (Longmans. 30s.). Nearly 160 photographs help reproduce for the traveller of to-day the surround and background of the Saint's life as they must h been some seven-and-a-half centuries ago.

Skullduggery and general villainy at sea, with a of heroism thrown in for good measure, seem to fasci Mr. Douglas Duff who has written thirty or more b for young and old, not a few of them true to t engaging themes. SPUNYARN (Jarrolds. 16s.) is latest in the series, and no one will be disappointed a treasure trove Mr. Duff has landed this time. One a biographical contribution is the tale of H.M.S. *Eg Nell* in which Mr. Duff himself served during Second World War.

Dr. Joseph Maguire, who has spent thirty afloat as a doctor, fifteen of them as ship's doctor *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, retails some many experiences in THE SEA MY SURGERY (H mann. 16s.). Dr. Maguire's reminiscences are told circumspection, but with Irish charm and humour.

## "CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS"

t Gordonstoun School, Dr. Hahn incorporated some novel subjects by which to test his pupils, known but unlisted by the older public schools, including rrow. In Princess Bibesco's SIR WINSTON URCHILL (Robert Hale. 15s.), subtitled *Master of urage*, some of these tests of character are examined. is is not a biography, rather a series of stray impressions m the writer's personal contacts with the great man. e had many opportunities favourable for observation. t it be said that the book was written in French by a eigner and was perhaps first intended for foreign ders. On that account, her history is perhaps over-plified, and (because of her hero-worship, an admirable it in a biographer) in many an instance her hero over-dows the event disproportionately. She has excuse, doubt, in this particular subject. But the General ike owed its rather sudden end to many others besides Editor of the *British Gazette*; and the escape from toria did not much influence the trend of the Boer War. me of the anecdotes are well known, some of the *dicta* attributed to all great men, such as the youthful phecies of greatness which do not make for popularity school. Some of the best are not there, and some ich are there may embarrass living persons. One m of courage I have shared with the great man all life—courage to paint. Alas! it has not lifted me ve the nursery standard. There, courage is not ugh. But Princess Bibesco has proved her case for hero . . . and ours. Courage is a great quality, and erosity is near to it, and *that* the great Captain has full measure also, and it has almost always wiped out irritations caused by one who loved to trail his coat, speak his mind and to know it, and to tell people leasant truths which they prefer to ignore. The book, ich is liveliest when the author keeps within her own sonal experiences, is well written.

## THE COMMANDER

st before the First World War I travelled in the *Empress of Britain* to Montreal in search of a fortune ich eluded me. The Inspector-General of Overseas rces, Sir Ian Hamilton, was on board on his lawful asions, and three days running he honoured by posing me as his quarter-decking companion. This satile, debonair, friendly and well-read man impressed youthful mind—a rare type of soldier, I thought. lived to a great age; he was born before the Indian tiny and survived the Second World War by two rs. He served in the second Afghan War in 1878, d commanded in the ill-fated Dardanelles adventure 1915. As a young officer, his ability to speak and te impressed the High Command. He was A.D.C. Roberts, and "Bobs" was his hero. He had the t opportunity and the ability to size up and rank chief military leaders in the Boer War and the First rld War, and his books are still recommended for ff College study. THE COMMANDER (Hollis d Carter. 15s.) is a series of papers which he did t live to polish or publish. Major A. Farrar-Hockley s done that job for him, and done it well and personally. It is made up of studies of war leaders ding to a summary of the qualities needed for success-high command. Whether those qualities are valid in mic war he did not live to learn.

He was a scholar and read the classics, and it seems to quite reasonable that he should devote as much ention to Nikeas and Alcibiades as to French and ch. If only for this reason, that all forms of warfare til half-through the Second World War (the limit of Ian's experience) appear to us to-day as "bow and ow" warfare. That fact does no harm to the argu-nts of this book. The same qualities of leadership, t least sympathy and understanding of the rank and (in which "Bobs" excelled and Kitchener and Haig d Buller failed), still govern leadership in all wars d every walk of life.

**John Gore**

Some of Naomi Mitchinson's Scottish stories are dern, telling of aircraft flights between the Highlands d islands and much else besides, and some go back a usand years to the days of the Norsemen and the at migration to Iceland. Whether in the ninth or the ntieth centuries, life in Scotland is strangely different life in any other part of Britain, and somehow in her st series of stories Miss Mitchinson makes her readers and understand the essential differences. FIVE N AND A SWAN (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) es its name from the longest of these stories, and ders of this tale of bright imagination may well feel t here is a sure rival to Arnold's "Forsaken Merman."

It is hard to bear all the way with Oliver Moxon in trilogy of war and peacetime experiences, which gan with *Bitter Monsoon*, telling of the life of a young n who came to early maturity in the nursery of the r Eastern war, and continued in *The Lost Monsoon*, account of a Hurricane Squadron's experiences in Imphal Valley Campaign of 1944. Now Mr. Moxon ncludes the story, and in AFTER THE MONSOON obert Hale. 15s.) leads us back from the excitements d the hurly-burly of war to the cares and frustrations a world ostensibly at peace. **R. C. E.**

**AT THE OLD VIC: The opening scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* shows, from left to right, Margaret Courtenay as Hippolyta, Jack Gwillim as Theseus, David Waller as Egeus, John Humphry as Demetrius, Rosemary Webster as Hermia and Richard Gale as Lysander.**

## A SHAKESPEAREAN SUCCESS FOR A FAMOUS COMEDIAN

**THE REHEARSAL SCENE: In the centre of the picture Frankie Howerd as Bottom the Weaver shakes his head in exasperation while he and his friends try to rehearse their play *Pyramus and Thisbe* in the woods of Athens.** On the left is Daniel Thorndike as Starveling; Derek Francis as Snout and James Culliford as Snug look on; Paul Daneman as Peter Quince is seated, and Ronald Fraser as Flute is on the right. Behind them and asleep is the Fairy Queen Titania, who is played by Joyce Redman. Frankie Howerd, better known as a popular comedian, has scored a notable success in Michael Benthall's Old Vic production of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The very decorative scenery by James Bailey makes this production of "the Dream" one of the prettiest to be seen in London for many years.

*On left—*

**THE PLAYERS BEFORE THE DUKE: John Humphry on left as Demetrius, Coral Browne as Helena, Margaret Courtenay as Hippolyta and Jack Gwillim as Theseus watch James Culliford who plays the Lion and Paul Daneman the storyteller in the rustic play-within-a-play which is presented before Theseus, the Duke of Athens.**

# CANNED BEER IN BRITAIN AGAIN

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

CANNED beer was introduced experimentally in Britain in the late '30's, but it never caught on. Many Englishmen will have encountered it for the first time in the forces overseas during the war—tubby little cans of American Schlitz or Pabst beer which were very acceptable to the dusty throat, though in some torrid Middle and Far Eastern temperatures they were liable to shoot some of their contents up to the ceiling if opened inexpertly. For several years past British brewers have been experimenting with canned beer in their export shipments—and in the last year or so it has been appearing on quite a substantial scale in many off-licence stores throughout Britain.

Last year The Metal Box Company, which is probably the biggest but by no means the only producer of beer cans (as of most other kinds of can in Britain), turned out about 40,000,000 cans for British brewers. This year it expects to make about 100,000,000. The cans vary in capacity rather more than beer bottles. There are sizes corresponding to about half and about three-quarters of a pint, and some are sold as "one or two glass" sizes.

The sales so far, therefore, represent only a negligible proportion of the 900,000,000 gallons of beer that are drunk in this country in a year, or even of the 360,000,000 gallons that are bottled. Some brewers are still inclined to regard the can as a futile "gimmick"; but most of the larger concerns are trying the idea out. It usually involves brewing an even more stable quality of beer than goes into bottles. The average bottle may be kept for a month or two, but canned beer is being offered with a "shelf life" of up to six months. For the householder as well as the shopkeeper, beer in a can takes up less storage room and if the consumer is acquiring the American habit of drinking it cold from a refrigerator this is an important point. It offers the trade a non-returnable container, an idea with which some of the bottlers have been experimenting, for the cost of collection and "recirculation" of a heavy glass bottle is not a small percentage of the cost of producing a new one.

Technological competition such as this is an endless accompaniment of the growth of the whole business of packaging. For many years the makes of glass bottles and jars have been subject to encroachment by the can upon various of their preserves, and both of the established forms of packing are meeting further competition from newer forms of packaging, such as transparent cellulose or polythene film. If one defines packaging rather arbitrarily as "wrapping done before the goods reach the shopkeeper," it has steadily been covering a larger and larger proportion of most retailers' stock-in-trade during this century. To this must be added a vast field of packaging of goods supplied by one manufacturer to another, or sent overseas in special export packages.

As long ago as 1950 a productivity team visiting the U.S. estimated that the cost of packaging in Britain was about £300,000,000 a year. If one takes into account the growth of variety in food available since then, the rapid introduction of new kinds of pack—and the price inflation—one might put the figure at well over £500,000,000 now. The number of goods purchased from the grocer unwrapped or wrapped only in the shop are steadily shrinking; pre-packing has invaded the bakery, the butcher's shop (possibly 5 per cent. of meat now being sold in a transparent film covering), the greengrocery and the fish shop. Even articles that need inspection, such as clothing, often come in a plastic envelope.

In this vast business, glass containers are still the heavyweight—an output of just under 30,000,000 gross bottles a year represents well over a million tons. The amount of paper used in packing is probably of the same order, though a large proportion of this will go into wrapping papers and only about two-thirds, perhaps, into actual paper and board boxes and cartons. The 200,000,000 food cans now produced in Britain annually are taking about 600,000 tons of tinplate, though this industry is growing much faster than the other two major sectors of packaging. The use of plastic films, as yet, is comparatively small in tonnage; but not so small in value as all that, and growing at a tremendous pace. Extruded aluminium tubes, as for toothpaste, have a firm hold on certain parts of the pharmaceutical market. In others, there is lively competition between the established types of pack, such as glass bottles and paper packets, and from new packs such as semi-rigid polythene spray bottles. The aerosol, a can containing a propellant gas that will dispense its contents under pressure as required, has made a fairly successful entry, as yet in a limited field.

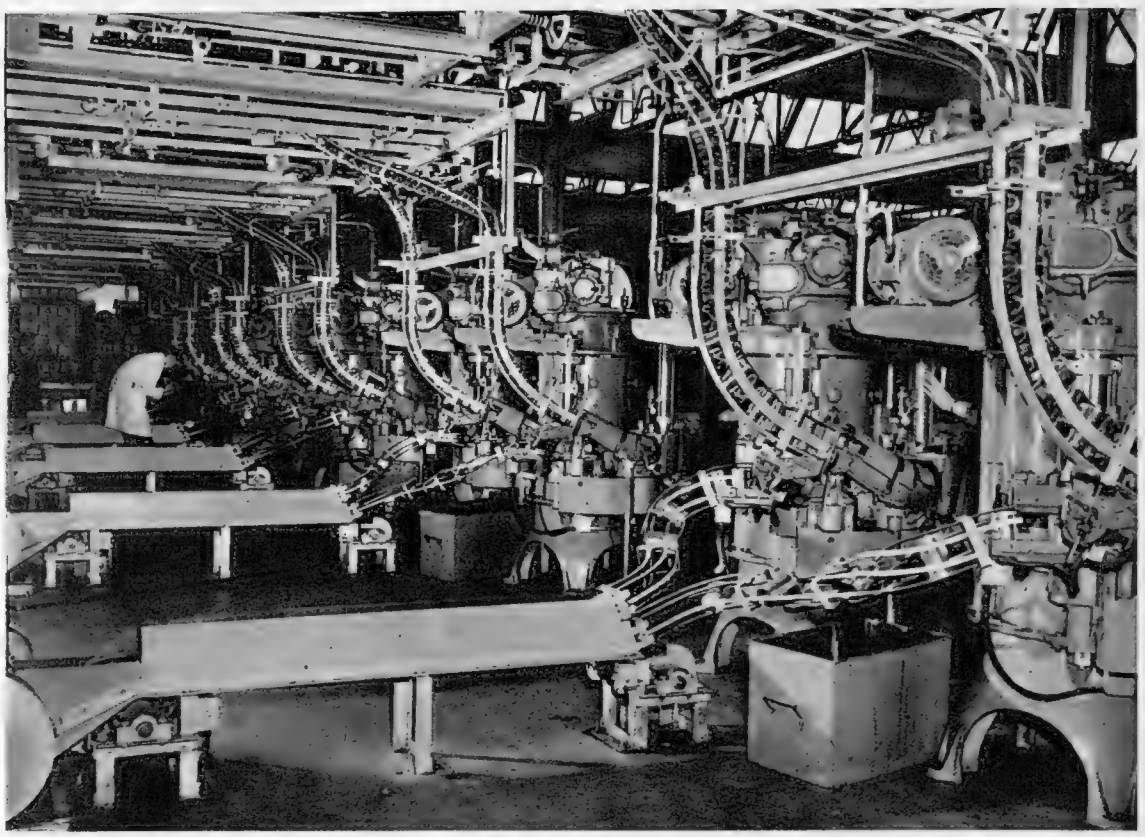
Very often packaging materials are used in combination. An example of this is the multiwall paper bag which incorporates a layer of polythene. The bottle manufacturers have experimented with a plastic coating to reduce the likelihood of breakage. Tinplate is often used in combination with greaseproof cardboard packing in the containers used for frozen food, another comparatively new form of processing for food. It now represents a sizeable slice of grocery business (and enables the grocer to extend his selection of products into the meat and fish fields).

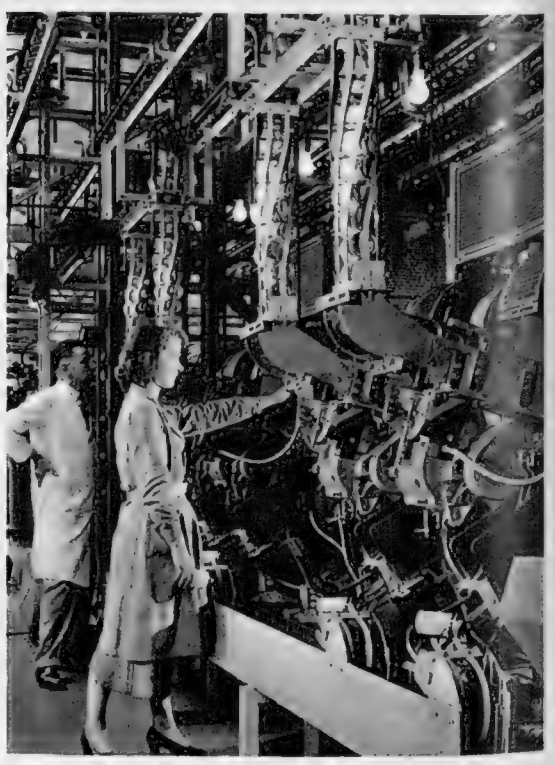
Packaging may represent a substantial item of cost—perhaps a fifth or a sixth of the price of the average tinned food one buys goes to pay for the can. In certain pharmaceutical products, where the units are very small but require special protection, the packaging costs in direct labour alone can exceed the whole cost of making the product. The abstemious may frown; the packaging manufacturer retorts that in most cases the packed article represents a completely different product, with entirely different standards of cleanliness, protection, and guaranteed quality from the same article bought loose, when it is practicable to sell it unwrapped. Moreover, the consumer who chooses to buy something partly on the design of the package, say cosmetics, is buying intangible satisfactions associated with the pack and the brand it represents along with something to use.

Economically, of course, the growth of packaging for consumer goods has been associated with the establishment of brand names through advertising, inducing the customer to rely upon a standardised article knowing that it will be the same as the last packet purchased rather than upon the shopkeeper's counsel. The final development in this process is the conversion of the retail shop into a more or less impersonal supply service, such as the self-service supermarket.

Self-service, during its rapid growth in Britain since the war, has taken over the existing forms of packing, and given a boost to some others. Its shelves are designed to take the standard size of can; some carton makers are leaving convenient spaces for the retailer to rubber stamp a price. Most of the confectionery, fruit and vegetables, meat and cheese it offers will be wrapped in transparent film or in packs with plastic windows to let the customer see what is offered. Self-service stores prefer goods that can be stacked; there are more convenient shapes, for example, than the bottle with a long thin neck. It has had some influence in popularising smaller and smaller packs of food, suited both to its incidental "impulse buying" and to bringing the customer back for another purchasing wander round the shelves.

Self-service applies the labour-saving principle to selling packaged goods. At the other end of the line, manufacturers are increasingly attempting to mechanise the packaging process itself. Where the contents are suited to automatic dispensing and the container sizes are standard, as in bottling beer and on many canning lines, this has already been achieved; but where they are of varying shapes or sizes, and the contents are difficult to pack, the process can take up a remarkable amount of labour—in inspection as much as in actual handling operations. Comparatively few producers have very long production lines of one kind of pack. Moreover, the very competitive attractions of different types of packing, as at present, may make a firm hesitate to invest in costly automatic machinery to wrap the whole thing up once and for all. Some fairly versatile machinery is now being designed; but automation in this last but extremely important process of production is, for most goods, still a long way off.

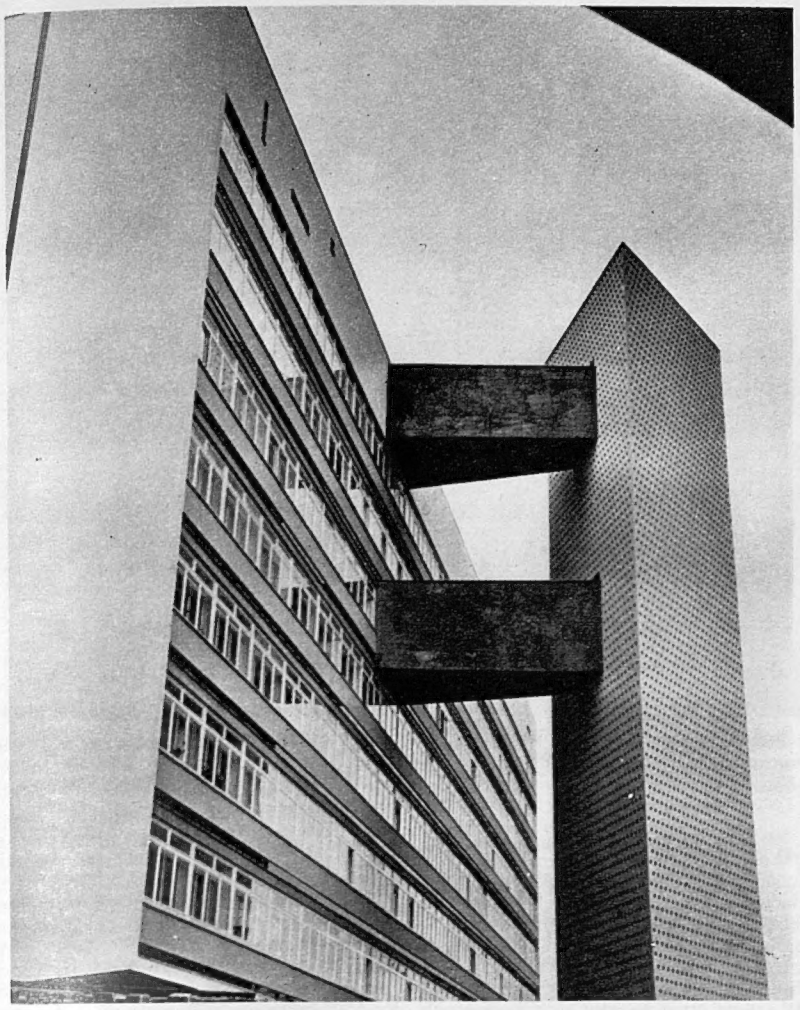




**THE MANUFACTURE OF PROCESSED FOOD CANS IN BRITAIN: *Above*—The view is of the end of the can production lines at one of the processed food can factories owned by The Metal Box Company Limited. The cans are being fed into seamers which seam the ends of thousands of containers a day. *On right*—The cans are automatically tested with compressed air before being despatched to the canneries. A faulty can is automatically ejected. Metal Box is one of the biggest producers of processed food containers in this country.**

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

**PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING**—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



## UNUSUAL LIFTS FOR FLATS IN WEST BERLIN

This strange tower standing beside a block of flats in the Hansa quarter of West Berlin is, in fact, an elevator shaft, and is connected to the fifth and eighth floors only. This particular block has been designed by the distinguished Brazilian architect, Oscar Niemeyer. Last year an International Building Exhibition, the "Interbau," was held in West Berlin, and over fifty leading architects from Germany and the rest of the world co-operated in the reconstruction of part of the war-damaged Hansa quarter, near the Tiergarten and the Street of June 17th. Most of the new buildings are dwellings, and included among several blocks of flats in the same neighbourhood are the works of such world-renowned modern architects as Walter Gropius, Alvar Aalto, Klaus Mueller-Rehm and Gerhard Siegmann, and Fritz Jaenecke and Sten Samuelson. Not far from the Hansa quarter stands Le Corbusier's contribution—400 flats forming a *Unité Habitation*. Berlin is now enjoying the architectural legacy of the "Interbau."

## A NEW DAM IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES

A record has been set up in America for the construction and completion of a major hydro-electric project. The Pelton Dam, on the Deschutes River, in central Oregon, is in operation for the Portland General Electric Company only twenty months after the construction contract was signed. The main contractor was the Guy F. Atkinson Company, San Francisco. Each of the three units has a capability of 40,000 kilowatts.

## A NEW ROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE

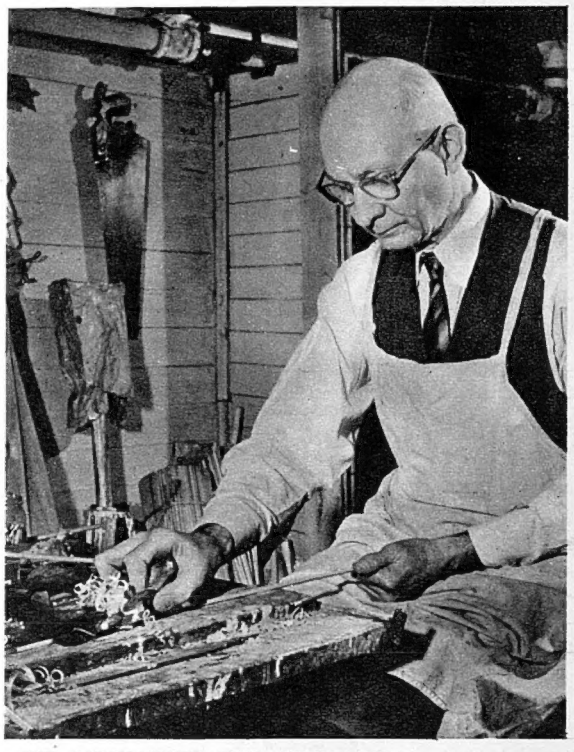
The third bridge at Düsseldorf, in Western Germany, to cross the River Rhine was opened last month. It provides a valuable road link between the heavy industrial area of the Ruhr and the western part of Federal Germany, the Low Countries and France. The bridge is about three-quarters of a mile in length and can carry four lines of traffic. Its cost has been reported as £2,500,000. Particularly interesting are the slender modern lamp-posts which have been placed on the bridge, and the parking-space which has been provided beneath the approaches.

## NIGHT AND DAY WORK ON A WATER TUNNEL

A fleet of Austin trucks operated by Kinnear Moodie and Co. Ltd., Civil Engineers, are working all round the clock to help to construct London's longest water tunnel. Employed in conveying material and equipment, such as the crane section in the above picture, to and from the tunnel working shafts, one of the vehicles has already covered 65,000 miles. Eventually 53,000 tons of concrete segments alone will have been conveyed from Ashford, Middlesex, to London. The 10-ft.-diameter tunnel will carry water from the Thames at Hampton to reservoirs some 30 miles away in the Lea Valley. The cost of the scheme is £4,000,000.

# THE BATON-MAKER

*An Unusual Occupation in the United States*



**THE BATON-MAKER USES SIMPLE TOOLS : A home-made knife, a plane and a file are the only tools used by Mr. Isaac A. Cary, a baton-maker in New York City.**

**TESTING THE WOOD : Mr. Cary's keen eye and sensitive fingers will soon tell whether or not this piece of wood is suitable. He usually makes batons from Maine birch.**

**NINE VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM : Conductors have their own individual tastes and there are nine main types of baton, ranging from 12 to 36 ins. in length.**

Working in a special workshop in the cellar of his home on Staten Island, New York, Mr. Isaac A. Cary earns his living making batons for the conductors of orchestras and bands. His batons are used by musicians of every conceivable kind, ranging from those who lead rock 'n' roll, swing and dance bands to the conductors of the major symphony orchestras in the U.S.A. Among his famous regular customers are Paul Whiteman, André Kostelanetz, D'Artega, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Hugo Winterhalter and Guy Lombardo. The late Arturo Toscanini, who was the conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey also used Mr. Cary's batons.

Each orchestra or band-leader has an individual preference, and there are nine different grips from which to choose. Batons range in length from 12 to 36 ins. Mr. Cary believes that it is possible to determine the character of his customers by the type of baton they order. André Kostelanetz and D'Artega must be men of high ideals in his opinion, for they demand perfection in weight and balance. They pay more than other leaders for their batons, $5 or £1 15s. each, and Mr. Cary spends many hours selecting the proper wood for them. They never break sticks in anger or impatience, unlike Cab Calloway, who, at the other extreme, breaks two a week as part of his act.

Mr. Cary's tools consist of a home-made knife, a plane and a file. His business originally began as a hobby. His most important first step was seeking the most suitable wood. First of all he tried pear wood from Japan, then mahogany from Spain and later spruce from Sweden. However, something seemed to be lacking in all these imported woods. He now uses wood from birch trees grown in Maine in New England. It is first aged for two years and treated with heat to preserve its strength. Paul Whiteman, who is a heavily-built man, demands that his batons be exactly 33½ ins. long and that they should weigh exactly three ounces. He once asked Mr. Cary to total up the amount of wood that he uses to make batons over a twenty-year period. Mr. Cary's calculations came to the equivalent of four trees. The United States Reforestation Commission shortly afterwards received a gift from the conductor of four birches to be planted in the state of Maine.


YEAR IN-YEAR OUT

Fit All-Season

Firestone

Town & Country

ON YOUR REAR WHEELS

DRIVE SAFELY

Compare the width before you buy

A wider tread and deeper non-skid pattern give longer life and safer driving. Fitted to the rear wheels of any car, Firestone Town & Country tyres give safety throughout the year — they give traction in mud, slush and snow and non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads and they are smooth riding and quiet.

*For front wheels fit Firestone New De Luxe.*

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

*42 Factories throughout the world*
*Firestone total sales exceed*
*£1,000,000 per day.*

WITH WEATHERISED TREAD


Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2
SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1958. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

# IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

*Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

THE WARMEST PLACE IN BRITAIN on November 25, 1957, was Aberdeen, and the temperature at Nice was only one degree higher. How the blood of a certain Scottish television weather forecaster must have warmed as he heard the news!

To me Aberdeen's achievement was of interest because it proved again that the temperature in Britain can be shamefully mercurial and at times has little regard for month or district.

Those of us who cannot afford the time or the money to go to, say, the West Indies, must prepare for the fickle months that lie ahead, and though we cannot imitate hedgehogs and curl up in some leaves, we can learn from them that warmth within is infinitely more important than the vagaries of weather without.

I see no reason why those who are compelled to live in hotels during the winter months should be either uncomfortable or cold, yet I am appalled at times to see how miserable hotel residents can be, sometimes it is their own misfortune for not being able to realise how hotel costs have gone up, but sometimes the fault lies in not being able to locate an hotel where winter residents are *really* catered for and made welcome.

I have written before of Sidmouth; so I will only say again, it is brimful of good hotels, of varying calibre and of varying price, and the weather is so mild on the whole in winter, that the day Aberdeen stole a march on her, Sidmouth must have been having a little sleep.

Nor am I going to say much about resorts such as Bournemouth, Torquay or St. Leonards. Their claims as winter resorts are too well known, but if you want first-hand knowledge on warm and cosy hotels write to me, and I will do my best to suggest hotels where you can fend off winter's ills.

What I do propose to do is to tell you of places taken here and there at random where I know I could be sure, had I to face the problem, of wintering warmly and congenially.

My first thought is Moor Court Hotel at Amberley, near Stroud. Though high up, with splendid views over the Severn Valley, it is as warm as the proverbial trivet. Here, due to its warmth, comfort and delicious food which Mrs. B. H. England, the resident owner, puts on, a most friendly atmosphere is evident.

Although some people hanker for the attractions of a town there is no doubt about it that many of our country-house hotels are better equipped to withstand the worst that winter can provide than town hotels, whose one line of defence may be central heating.

The Manor House Hotel, Castle Combe, in Wiltshire, is a good example of what I mean. The original owners were doubtless fond of hunting, as evidenced by the stables which are still in use, so what more natural than that they could be sure of a roaring log fire on their return, a hot bath, and let the wind whistle without. To-day, as an hotel, the tradition remains, and apart from excellent food and wine there is always the certainty of a game of bridge in the evenings.

As I get quite a number of enquiries about bridge, another hotel where bridge players are especially welcome is Great Tree Hotel, near Chagford, which is a bungalow-type of house nestling on the edge of a combe with lovely terraced gardens and views extending over towards Dartmoor. It is a very cosy house, centrally heated throughout, and providing excellent country fare.

Perhaps you would prefer the attractions of the country, views over the sea and the town within five minutes' walk. It sounds rather impracticable, but it isn't. Northfield, at Minehead, is the answer, and if you can get in there during these next few months count yourself fortunate. It is a lovely house, with a sense of goodness and gracefulness quietly apparent. Personally run by its owner, Mrs. M. R. Clarkson, and her partner Mrs. Ratcliffe, they can be congratulated on many points, including having had the same chef since the hotel was opened some fifteen years ago.

When the subject of residential hotels crops up, Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge, must come into the picture. Whenever I revisit this 150-bedroom hotel I never cease to wonder at the value provided, whether it is a single room or a suite.

Living in the south I have to guard myself against ignoring the many comfortable hotels in the North that have developed a flourishing winter trade. Take, for example, the Russell Hotel, Harrogate, where they are never at a loss for visitors. The secret? the very personal touch of the Misses Bown, the comfort, the warmth, the friendly environment and a most pleasant staff.

Who in the south would think of wintering in Scarborough? Yet you will find plenty who do at Red Lea Hotel, on Scarborough's South Cliff. Sheltered from the north and east, facing full south, it is an absolute sun-trap, and so good is the food and bracing the air that there is a regular gold rush when the gong sounds. Yes, you hardy North Country people need to have no qualms about the winter, at the Russell or the Red Lea.

Another favourite among Yorkshire and Lancashire folk is Graythwaite Manor at Grange-over-Sands, over 300 miles and more from, say, Bournemouth, but probably on the aggregate warmer! The answer is that it lies full south entirely sheltered from the north and east by the Lakeland mountains and Yorkshire hills. A country-house hotel built in two storeys with well-proportioned rooms centrally-heated throughout and a cuisine well above the average. Graythwaite Manor is indeed a haven for those who are not tied to town life and have only one objective, the full interpretation of that blessed word *comfort*.


**BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL**
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.***** Tel.: 6560.

**DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL**
Visit Ireland this year and for a good beginning and ending choose this fine modern hotel in the hub of Ireland's social life. 150 rooms (many private bathrooms and suites), with radio, central heating, iced water and 24-hour service.

**NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. WHITE FRIARS HOTEL**
For early holidays and long week-ends in cosy and comfortable surroundings. Excellent fare. Buttery open to non-residents. Licensed. Tel.: 3299.

**JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL**
In Britain's farthest South, reopens March 29, 1958. An unparalleled position facing sun, sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner-dances. Cocktail lounge. Write now for brochure.

**LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL**
First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Central heating throughout. Hard tennis. Putting, Billiards. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341-4.

**LONDON. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL**
South Kensington, S.W.7 (10 mins. West End), convenient to West London Air Terminal. 41 bedrooms, all with radio, some private baths and showers. Cocktail Bar. TV. Tel.: Ken. 3693.

**NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON. HOWARD HOTEL**
Situated on the boundary of the City and West End, yet free from the noise and bustle of the main thoroughfare. There are 200 rooms, many with private bath. Restaurant—Cocktail Bar—Rooms for Meetings and private functions. A few minutes from Waterloo Air Terminal. By TEMPLE and ALDWYCH Stations. Brochure and quotations for individual requirements forwarded on request. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 4400.

**LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL**
A good investment for a Winter holiday. Overlooking bay, ensures excellent cuisine, comfort and personal service. Free Golf, cocktail lounge, ballroom, sheltered terrace facing promenade. Tel.: 7873.

**LYTHAM ST. ANNES. CLIFTON ARMS**
Business Executives visiting industrial Lancashire would do well to stay and entertain at this first-class hotel with quiet sea aspect, rather than in a less healthy and noisier town. Tel.: Lytham 6245. Express trains all parts.

**PENZANCE, Cornwall. QUEEN'S HOTEL**
Facing Sea and the South, for holiday or residence at any time of the year. 65 Bedrooms. Lift. Generous fare. TV, Cocktail Lounge, excellent train service. Good centre. Tel.: 2371.

**ST. MAWES, S. Cornwall. HOTEL TRESANTON**
Small and luxurious, lovely sunny dining-room with first-class food and service. Sailing, fishing. Closed January–March. Club Bar. Tel.: 322.

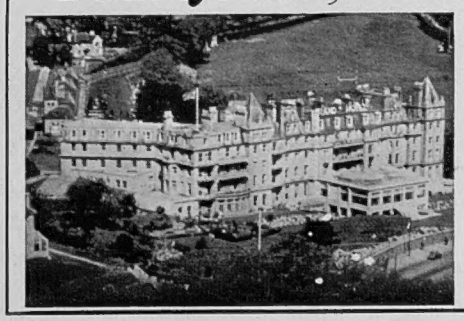
**SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON. THE VICTORIA**
We cater for all ages at all seasons. Recreation or recuperation. Scenery. Sunshine, Sea Air. Beauty Salon. Billiards. Bedside telephones and radio. Cocktail lounge and TV. COME AND BE SPOILT! Tel.: 951.

**SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT**
A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position. Noted for its catering and comfort. Refined, unostentatious. No dancing or music. Suites. Private bathrooms. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

**SHERBORNE, DORSET. DIGBY HOTEL**
A favourite "half-way house" between London and the West; Birmingham and the South. First-class base for exploring the Hardy country. Fully licensed. Quietly positioned near Abbey Church. Tel.: 23.

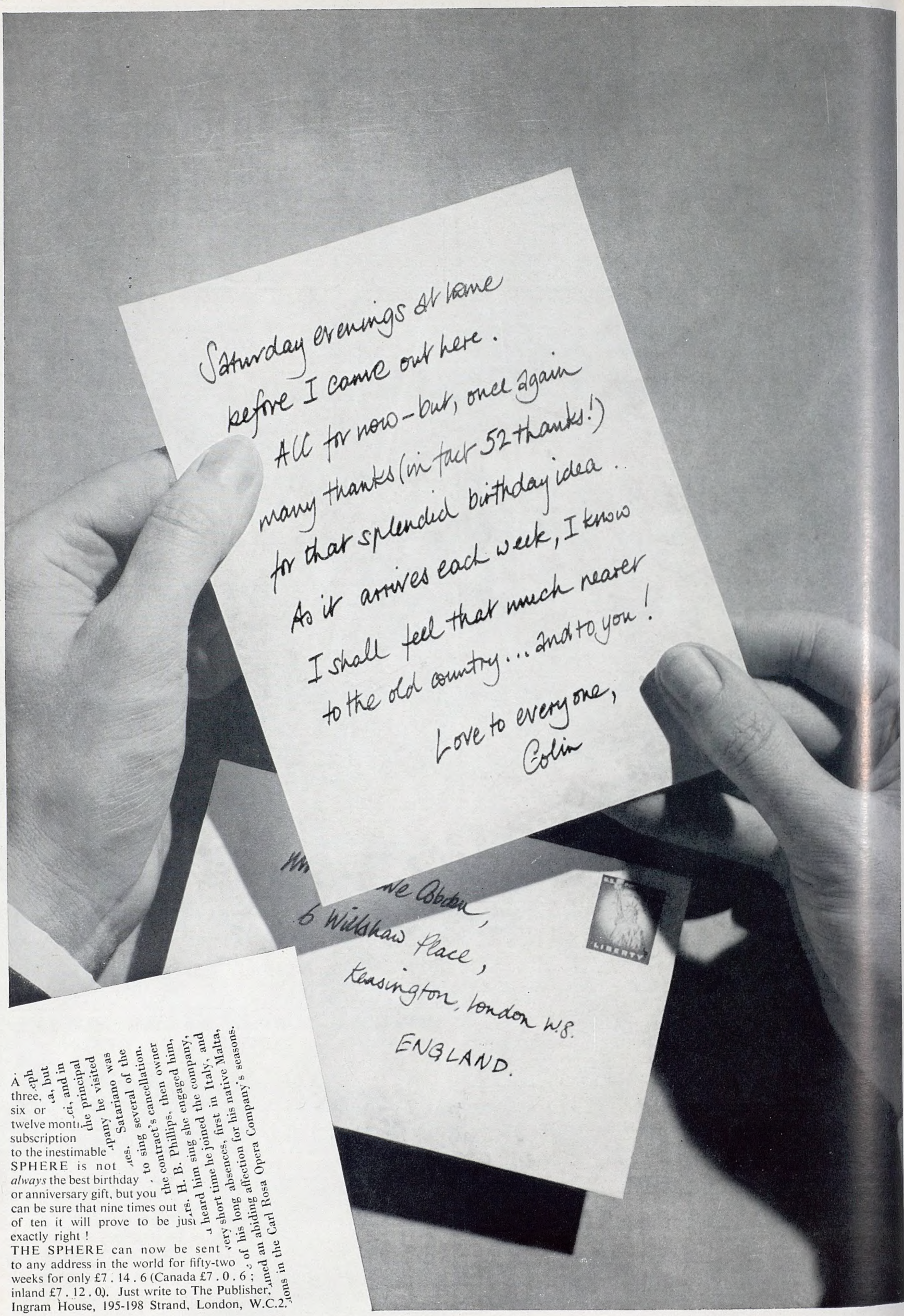
**WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL**
Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms; self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: Weybridge 4242.

**TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL**



*It's a good address* for all ages at all times. Something for every member of the family to do. Squash, tennis, golf, billiards and dancing all free to residents. 200 bedrooms (many with private bathrooms), and a personal service. Joint Managers, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.




A ...eph three, ...a, but six or ...ci, and in twelve month... the principal subscription ...pany he visited to the inestimable ...es. Satariano was SPHERE is not ..., several of the *always* the best birthday ... to sing or anniversary gift, but you ... the contract's cancellation. can be sure that nine times out ...rs. H. B. Phillips, then owner of ten it will prove to be just ... heard him sing she engaged him, exactly right ! ... very short time he joined the company, THE SPHERE can now be sent ... of his long absences, first in Italy, and to any address in the world for fifty-two ... an abiding affection for his native Malta, weeks for only £7 . 14 . 6 (Canada £7 . 0 . 6 ; ...ned ...ions in the Carl Rosa Opera Company's seasons. inland £7 . 12 . 0). Just write to The Publisher, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.